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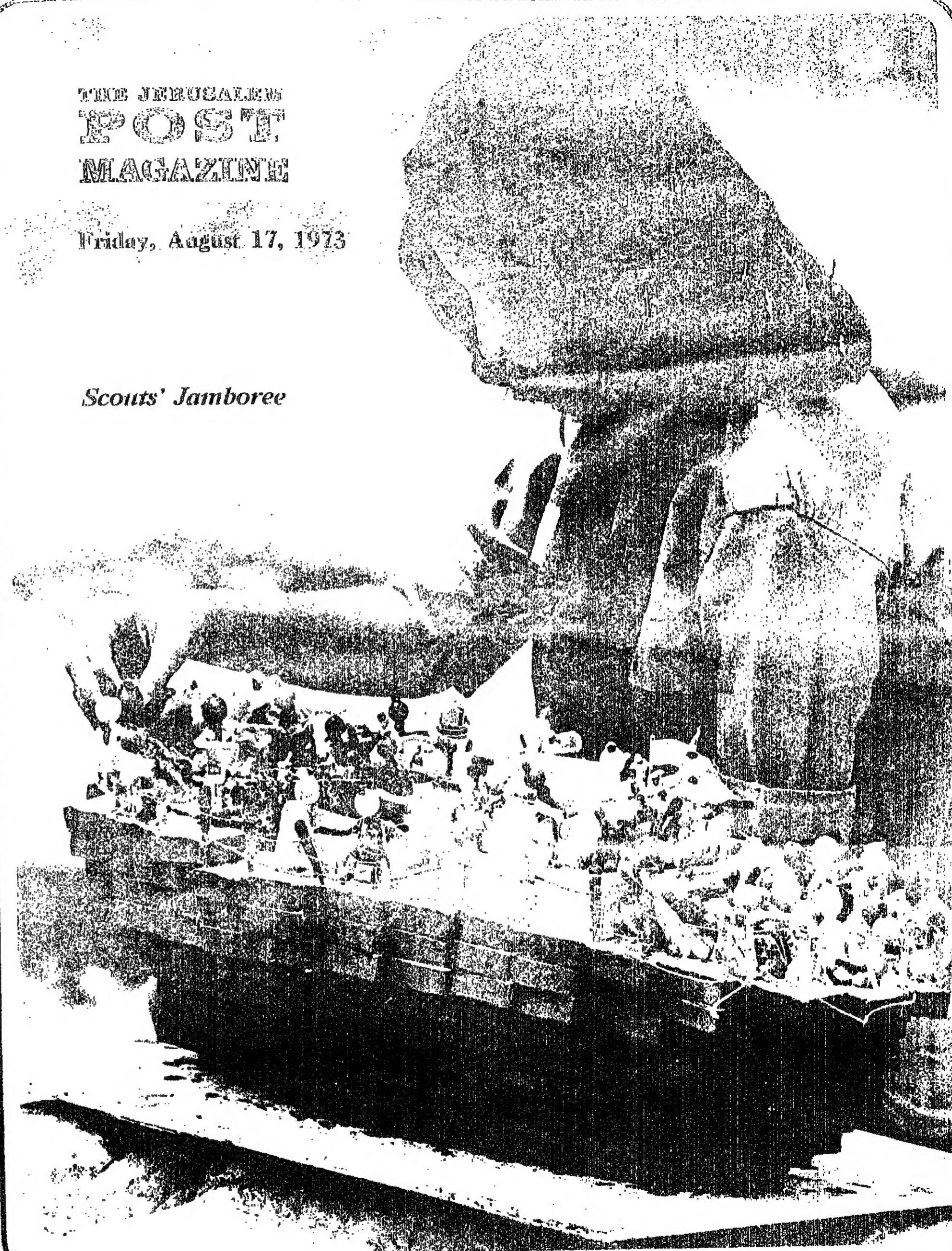
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THE JERUSALEM  
**POST**  
MAGAZINE

Friday, August 17, 1973

*Scouts' Jamboree*



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Cover picture: Girl Scout modeling "illegal immigrant" ship (Bar-Tal).

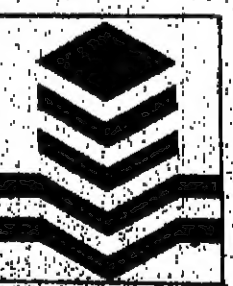
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PETAH TIKVA, see Bnei Brak.  
BIBBON LEZION, 30 Rehov Rothschild.  
RA'ANANA, see Herzliya.  
HERZLIYA, 55 Rehov Sokolov.  
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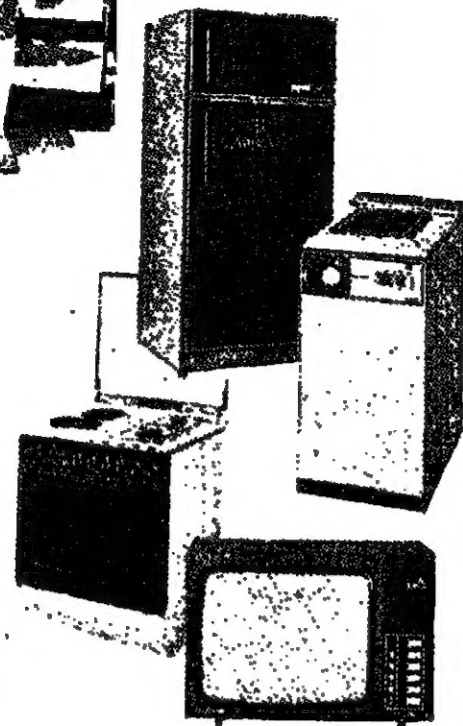


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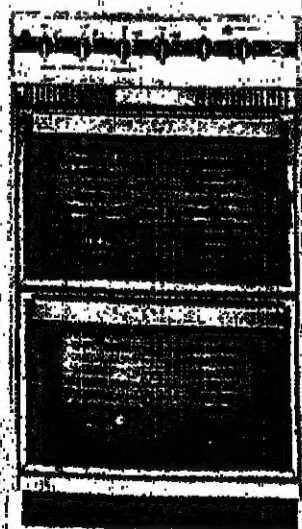
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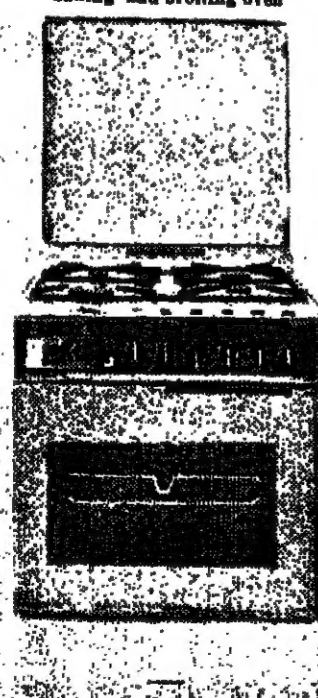
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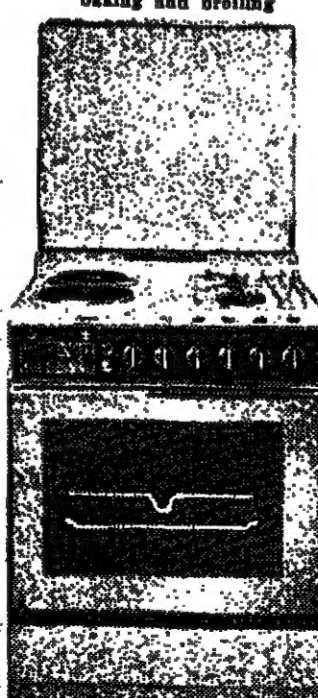
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# THE WAR AGAINST TERRORISM

Following Israel's interception of a Lebanese plane in which the terrorist leader Dr. George Habash was thought to be travelling last Friday, HIRSH GOODMAN discussed with former Army Intelligence Chief Aluf (Res.) Aharon Yariv the imperatives, and the limits, of the war against Arab terrorism?



**T**HE WAR against terrorism is a protracted one. There is no one-time elegant solution. It is a series of blows. Blows which limit the terrorists' operational capability and destroy their infrastructure. Blows which give us a brief week, a brief month, of peace. It's a long war, and you can't always be ready. You can't possibly know it all. The world has done precious little to prevent terrorism. Not the governments of the world, not the United Nations and not the International Pilots' Federation. Israel has thus had to seize every opportunity it can get — even if that opportunity is taken with the clear knowledge that international opinion may censure the action.

There are few people in Israel, outside the Defence establishment, who are in a better position than Aluf (Res.) Aharon Yariv to judge the merits or otherwise of last week's decision to intercept a civilian passenger plane in the hope of catching Dr. George Habash.

Until slightly over a month ago, Yariv was the man who coordinated the fight against terror. Some 10 months ago he ended an eight-year term as Chief of Army Intelligence. Earlier this week, Cairo Radio credited him with being one of the main architects of Israel's successful fight against international Arab terrorism, at the same time regretting the fact that they thought he would be returning to his previous job.

The job was not, and is not a simple one. Israel has 92 diplomatic missions abroad, while the Jewish Agency has 84 offices, and El Al another 40 agencies. Israeli planes use more than 20 international airports and Israeli ships call at some 220 ports. There are thousands of Israelis working and studying abroad. All are potential targets for terror gangs, which possess more than sufficient means and have a wide basis of international cooperation.

George Habash's organization, the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, is, according to Yariv, the second most important organization from Israel's point of view — second only to Fatah and its executive arm, Black September. Habash, whose headquarters are in Beirut, was responsible for the Lod massacre, and more recently for the hijacking of the Japanese Airlines' Boeing 747. The P.F.L.P. — which draws funds from Yemen, South Yemen, Iraq and Kuwait — is the organization which introduced hijacking as a new method in the Middle East conflict, and throughout its bloody five-year reign has proved to be the most extreme of a group of extremist organizations.

**G**EORGE HABASH is the commander — not the leader — of the organization. And thus Israel was justified in attempting to capture him, said Yariv.

"It's odd. Had we just killed him in Beirut, the whole world would have said: Well done. But no, we tried instead to capture him in a Lebanese airliner, and the world cannot understand how we had the audacity to interfere with civilian aviation."

Yariv is convinced that there was no danger to the passengers aboard the plane.

"This plan had been discussed by the responsible parties — and I know they are responsible. All the factors had been carefully considered. The political aspects and the international repercussions. I am positive that clear orders were given to ensure the safety of passengers, crew and plane, and I am convinced that those responsible for the interception were working on unimpeachable information that Habash was to be on the plane. It was an opportunity which had to be taken."

"If it had been successful, the war with the terrorists. The fight against terrorism does not have top priority with them — it is something alien and removed organization are expending their energies on trying to find the culprit. They are saying: 'Well if Israel knew about this, then maybe they know about many other things as well. The organization is busy examining itself. We have thrown a spanner in the works and if the battle against terrorism is to be won, we have to continue to throw spanners in the works. All the time they are busy with themselves, is time gained by us. No matter what Israel does in its fight against terror, there is little chance that it will gain the support of international opinion. There are political reasons for even though the need for the nations of the world are not at

what are we supposed to do? asks Yariv. The fight against terrorism is worldwide. There is some international cooperation — both in detection and prevention — but not enough to constitute a viable deterrent. The penalties meted out to terrorists once they are caught are light. Only this week, three terrorists caught rehearsing in Rome were allowed to go scot free. The same had happened in Greece, Germany and Austria before. Why shouldn't the terrorists operate when the chances of being killed, or even imprisoned, are so small? Even our attempts to negotiate extradition treaties with certain nations for people committing acts against Israeli interests abroad have been turned down flat.

"Extradition treaties are like a wedding. Both sides must be interested. There is not one country in the world not one prepared to do this with us. Their reasons are political. Just as their light punishments are political. The fight against terrorism rests squarely on our shoulders, and we must do all we can."

International reluctance to act is even less understandable when one looks at the statistics. According to Aluf Yariv, since May 1972 — when the hijacked Sabena airliner landed at Lod — there have been 60 acts of Arab terrorism, of which only 49 were directed against Israel. The rest — nearly a third — were directed against non-Israeli objectives, such as the Trieste oilfields and targets in Germany, and against Jordan — objectives which could not even indirectly be associated with Israel or the fight against Israel.

Israel has been successful in its fight, he feels. A large proportion of terrorist actions — over 70 per cent — were prevented before they could ever be carried out. Exactly how many, nobody could tell, for who knows how many planned actions one aborts by a raid like Beirut or by adopting adequate security measures?

All in all, the price Israel is currently paying for its existence is small, Aluf Yariv feels. Never in the last 25 years has the right of the Jewish people to a state in Israel been maintained at a lower price. The terrorists are a harassment, but not a threat to Israel's existence. They have not affected the tourist industry, nor investment, nor air traffic, nor shipping. Diplomatic activity continues normally, as do commercial ties.

Terror, however, will be with us for a long time. There will always be volunteers for action from a pool of 15,000 or 16,000 people, especially when they are conscious that there is little to deter them from working in relative safety abroad. The chances are that they will continue to operate abroad, since the prospect of a renewal of activity across our borders is slight as long as the Arab states appreciate that they are not ready to risk a full-scale war with Israel — a war which would be inevitable should the borders be opened to the terrorists again. In Israel, terrorism has been virtually eliminated and the chances of successful action are very limited. But the terrorist movements have got to continue their operations if they are to survive, and they will continue to operate in the only areas open to them — abroad.

The last action in Athens — in which two gunmen murdered three innocent bystanders and injured 55 more in a daytime attack at the international airport — does not indicate any increase of the terrorists' readiness to die for their aims, Aluf Yariv felt.

"There has been no basic change in Arab ideology, but I would hesitate to say that the terrorists are not prepared to die in their fight against Israel. They died in Cyprus when they attacked an Arkia plane on April 9, but I don't think they would make a

system of suicide missions like blowing themselves up in the air together with a plane. But then again, who knows what a man will do if he's pushed up against a wall? However, I don't believe that there has been any radical change in their character. I don't believe that they would be likely to do what the Japanese did at Lod. They have different outlooks on life and death."

Israel's attitude towards terror changed since the Lod massacre in May and the Munich murders in September last year, said Aluf Yariv. From being a harassing affair, terrorism became a dangerously harassing affair. He was reluctant to discuss his part in coordinating the battle. Munich, he said, made clear the need for tighter control of the services responsible for fighting terrorism. A clear division of duties had to be worked out, with no overlapping and no opportunity for anything to fall between two stools.

"They needed a 'watchdog' to see that the small things received proper attention. I took on the job, and together with the Prime Minister ensured that there were adequate means to carry out the whole task efficiently."

**D**ESPITE OUR EFFORTS abroad, it would be folly not to expect them to have some successes in the future. The range of objectives and the scope of action is too wide to be sealed hermetically. The greatest danger, said Aluf Yariv, was Israeli overconfidence.

"Overconfidence leads to negligence, and negligence will give them the opening they are looking for." If the danger is to be contained, constant vigilance is needed on the one hand, and perennial pre-emptive action on the other. "When you stop to think for a minute, it's remarkable how successful we have been so far. Over 170,000 summer visitors from hostile Arab countries this year, and there is quiet. Over 1.6 million Arabs in Israel and there is quiet. They've had an occasional success abroad, but on the whole it's been perfectly tolerable."

He was not sure whether what happened in Norway was connected with Israel or not, but that, and the failure to capture Habash, were the main two failures that could be registered in the long, dangerous and complicated fight against terrorism.

**I**N YARIV'S OPINION, a permanent peace in the Middle East is something we cannot expect for a long time.

"For the Arabs to make peace with us would be the ultimate concession, and why should they? They believe that time will destroy us. Yasser Arafat speaks in terms of a hundred years; Sadat and Gaddafi keep reminding their people that the Arabs have successfully ousted all invaders in the past — crusaders, Turks, Tartars. Even the intelligentsia, like 'Al Ahram' editor Hassanain Haykal, claim that historical logic is against the continued existence of the State of Israel. How can one hundred million Arabs who are so sensitive about their pride, make concessions to three million Jews? It will take a major change in their psychological make-up for peace to become a reality, and that we cannot expect for a long time to come."

"But what they don't realize, or want to realize, is that time is not against us. Along with the growing numerical gap, the qualitative and technological gap is also widening — in our favour. "We have only one danger to face — ourselves — and that is the reason I decided to go into politics, because I felt that only by taking part in the political process could I help meet that danger."





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# THE SEAMEN ROCK THE BOATS



**T**HE SEAMEN kill the ships they love and do it with a strike — Oscar Wilde's lines, rewritten to fit the disaster that struck Israel's Merchant Marine a week ago, bring home to us how rock- less men can come near to destroying what they believe is the best for them. The week-long strike is merely in abeyance. Unless the seamen have second and less self-destructive thoughts, they may resume it as soon as they find out that the Secretary-General of the Histadrut, vigorous patron of the socially oppressed, may have doubts about the merits of their claims.

The poor human relations in Israel society are the result of a corporate national failure. They affect our conduct on the roads, in the health clinics, telephone exchanges, offices and factories — and on the ships. Any resemblance between the notorious seamen's strike of 22 years ago and that of last week is purely coincidental. In 1951, the seamen of a Merchant Marine that in retrospect looks minute, struck for self-determination in their fledgling union, for running their own affairs and not having them run by Histadrut bureaucrats with land-locked minds.

Poor human relations were at work even then. The Histadrut leaders regarded as wicked anything they did not control. The seamen were vilified as dissidents, Communists and traitors to the cause, and their strike was crushed by force. Yet they were, by and large, as fine a group of men as any nation could wish for its ships. They struck not for higher pay, but for a union that would suit their special needs, as different from those of men working on land as are those of a soldier and a civilian.

**F**ROM THE strike of 1951, to that of last week stretched a long chain of failures in human relations. Labour Exchanges in the 'fifties (when they were still run by the numerical strength of the Labour parties) were wont to regard misfits and trouble-makers as still good enough to go to sea. The police thought the same. In some cases, had lots were indeed reformed, but it is more probable that the saints were converted by the sinners. If today we have smuggling by seamen, often in broad daylight and condoned rather than prosecuted, it is due to that undisciplined method of managing our merchant ships. If the slogan was "the best for aviation," the practice was "anybody for shipping." The public image of the seaman was badly tarnished.

It says a lot for the basic qualities and the potential of our seamen that they turned out as well as they did. It was hardly an undeserved tribute when Zim manager Moshe Kashtil described the seamen of today as a "capable, resourceful, reliable group of men." With the non-comprehension of, and contempt for, human relations that weaken so many social seams, the old manpower policy is still being pursued to this day. Any social psychologist could have pointed out that a superior kind of men is needed for work under the conditions of stress that freighter crews have to endure: long periods of absence from home, confined in close quarters with a limited number of companions and subject to strict discipline. Add to this that every vessel flying the Israel flag is a floating embassy in miniature and it becomes apparent that there is a case for very careful selection of the right type of man for work aboard our ships.

What should have been done as a matter of informed and deliberate manpower policy was achieved, albeit to a limited extent, by the advance of shipping technology. Automation and other

Israel's merchant mariners recently staged a wildcat strike. With negotiations now resumed between the seamen's union and the shipowners, YA'ACOV ARDON probes below deck for the causes of a dispute he believes is far from settlement.

Innovations in ship propulsion and operation, in loading and unloading, called for more highly trained and technologically skilled personnel. The day of the sailor of old, unskilled except for brawn and quickness of mind and body, is gone. A new type of seaman is being hatched in the classroom, trained, through mathematics, mechanics and electrical engineering to handle the expensive automatic, electronic gear of today. By innate disposition, such men have more discipline, more understanding for the economic laws of the industry in which they serve. Over the years, however, the new men serving as officers in the merchant marine came to feel less and less identity of interest with the ratings, the "other ranks" of the ships' crews, with whom they were allied in the Federated Seamen's Union. Last year the friction led to a rupture. The officers formed a union of their own, pleading differences of interests and outlook and an inability to enforce discipline in a shipboard reality of a widening intellectual gap and a narrowing differential in pay.

Their new separate union launched, the officers, animated by a sense of social responsibility



**T**HE COLLECTIVE labour agreement with all seamen, officers, rates look low, but what counts is the actual take-home pay of and ratings, ran out at the end of 1972.

The officers started negotiations soon after the beginning of this year and after the usual bargaining, settled with the owners in April for the famous 40 per cent increase that was also granted to other big groups, among them the doctors. The increase had the blessing of the Ministerial Committee on Wages.

The ratings, advised by a seaman turned lawyer, watched with interest until the ink on the officers' contract was quite dry, and then came forward in May with demands which according to Mr. Kashtil, "added up to 125 or 126 per cent."

The talks with Zim — which usually negotiates the labour contracts on behalf of the entire industry — went on for about two months. During this time, again according to Mr. Kashtil, the demands shrank to 86 per cent, but the owners still refused to go beyond 40 per cent. Early in July, the ratings' union served notice of a "labour dispute" which must precede any lawfully conducted strike by 15 days. The Zim management and the union continued to meet, talk and disagree. The Transport Ministry and the Histadrut stood by passively.

On the morning of Friday, August 3, the ratings' union secretariat decided, at an extraordinary meeting of representatives of the three divisions — deck, engine and catering staffs — to call what it called "a partial strike" on all Israel ships in Israel ports as of 6 o'clock on Sunday morning. About a dozen ships then docked in the three ports were to be prevented from leaving. The shipowners said they first heard the news of the strike over the radio. Had they been given advance notice, they might have tried to get some of the ships to weigh anchor before Sunday morning.

**T**HE UNION LEADERS have to this day refused to be specific about their claims. They would not go beyond saying that Kashtil's estimate of 86 per cent is exaggerated, and "We want to speak of pounds, not percentages, you can't eat percentages."

Gradually, however, their viewpoint emerged: they wanted the old differential between ratings and officers' pay to be carried over into the new contract. That is to say, if, under the old contract, an officer received IL2,000, and a rating IL1,500, and under the new contract the officer was receiving IL2,500, the rating should now get IL2,300.

The Zim manager, refusing to abandon the conventional language used in negotiations all the world over, made it clear that the demands were unacceptable. Neither he nor the other shipping companies have so far budged from their stand. And for compelling reasons. The officers' union has made it very clear to the shipowners (and also to the Histadrut) that if the employers grant the ratings higher increases than those approved by the Ministerial Committee on Wages, it will at once claim the same increases for themselves. In other words, they will not put up with any narrowing of the wage gap between themselves and the ratings. On that count alone, the owners are caught between Scylla and Charybdis.

What are the merits of the ratings' claim? When you hear them explain their case, it sounds as if the owners are quibbling over a few extra pounds of basic pay. The owners' version says exactly the opposite: that the Israel seaman is already among the highest-paid in the world, surpassed only by his U.S. and West German counterparts. Whence the discrepancy?

The secretary of the officers' union clears up the mystery. "You must distinguish between pay rates and actual earnings. The

**W**HY DO the seamen say they are underprivileged with such earnings? says Shlomo Avitan, one of the ratings' union secretaries:

"You can't compare a seaman's job with that of anybody ashore. We are at our place of work, 24 hours a day, doing overtime and extra duties round the week — work-days, weekends, holidays. Some men sail for three months through changing climates that affect their health, stop at foreign ports for only 24 hours, come home for barely 48. Compare what we earn with what a port worker gets for one or two shifts — and then goes home. We would rather not do overtime."

What he says is true, but not the whole story. Going to sea is not merely an occupation, but a way of life. Seamen will tell you that being away from their families is a privation for which they should be compensated; but many of them go to sea because they do not want to be with their families all the time. The pay rates are attractive, no matter what the union says. Many seamen are known to have saved enough to own taxicabs, steak taverns and other business enterprises. The drop-out rate is high. As the men grow older, the spirit of adventure wanes.

Comparisons with other maritime nations are interesting. Last March, the Shipping Research Institute in Haifa published a detailed study on seamen's rates of pay here and abroad, taking all the elements into carefully adjusted account. It found that for similar ships, a British company spends 13 per cent less on wages, an Italian company, 26 per cent less, than an Israel company, but that a German one spends 16 per cent more.

**I**T IS no wonder the shipping companies are now determined to stop at that 40 per cent. Their ability to compete in the world market is at stake. On the ships of leading maritime nations, cheap foreign labour is displacing costly indigenous labour. Zim, more than other Israel firms, is near the brink, with a profit rate shrunk to one per cent of turnover this year. A still higher outlay on wages will simply drive it off a highly competitive, unprotected market. If the ratings win it, they can turn the Israel flag into one of inconvenience. It can then be kept flying only if the taxpayer subsidizes it. In the last round of the contest, still to come, it will be up to Mr. Sapir and Mr. Ben-Aharon to utter the last word on whether we can afford a commercially viable shipping industry or whether we shall have to scuttle it.

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# An Israeli in Rumania

"WORTH WHILE" visiting Rumania? asked a friend soon after my return. The question was casual, the tone dubious. I wondered whether to remind him that before my departure, when I myself had been doubtful, he had been one of many people to assure me what a breathtakingly beautiful country it was. (Those who didn't mention the scenery had dropped hints about "all those beautiful blouses"! What he meant was that he knew prices were reasonable, but was it really the place for a good holiday?)

After an intensive week's tour of the country at the invitation of El Al and the Rumanian Ministry of Tourism, my answer is, Yes. Yes, if you are looking for a complete change of atmosphere, a break from the Israeli summer, lush pine forests, stunning mountain scenery, unspoiled villages and comfortable, inexpensive hotels. No, if you are a pampered, Hilton-oriented, international traveller with gourmet tastes, looking for sophisticated nightlife, expecting a major shopping spree. Then, the only thing Rumania has to offer is the Bucharest Intercontinental, much like any big American style hotel anywhere, about \$50 per couple per night, with rooftop swimming pool, sauna and health club, and so on. (The Intercontinental is, incidentally, the only hotel not owned by the Ministry of Tourism.) For our party of 15 Israeli journalists it was not the star attraction.

Rumania is the only Eastern bloc country that encourages two-way traffic with Israel, which offers a special reduction in travel fare to Rumania: a group flight, costs IL1,000 inclusive, reduced by IL190 for any Israeli applying to the Interior Ministry for a "Rumania only" laissez-passer. Carpati (a division of the Rumanian Tourism Ministry) are trying to attract more Israelis, and have opened kosher restaurants in Sibiu and several other resorts this summer. Package deal holidays with kosher meals are also available. Ten Israeli guides are now spending three months in the more popular summer resorts, to welcome groups of Israeli tourists.

OUR WEEK-LONG trip comprised a 750-km. circular route going north-west from Bucharest through the Carpathian Mountains, north as far as Sighisoara in Transylvania, eastward through Moldavia, and back to Bucharest via Brasov. We saw spas, mountains, summer and winter resorts and varied countryside.

At Israel's seaside resorts will certainly be no attraction for you, explained George Dumitru, the director-general of Carpati, but as a compromise we were shown a rare sight of tourist interest: the Black Sea coast resort of Mamaia Delta. (The Rumanian government has sold on this coast of advertising at one end; we went to the other end, a mixture of modest streets and a background of tourist propaganda films.)

My celluloid impression of the Black Sea resorts was bright, sparkling and new, new, new. Almost half of the country's 250,000 beds for tourists are at present concentrated there; but now in the midst of a five-year, five billion lei (about IL1.7 billion) tourist development programme, the Rumanians are now concentrating on the development of spas and mountain resorts.

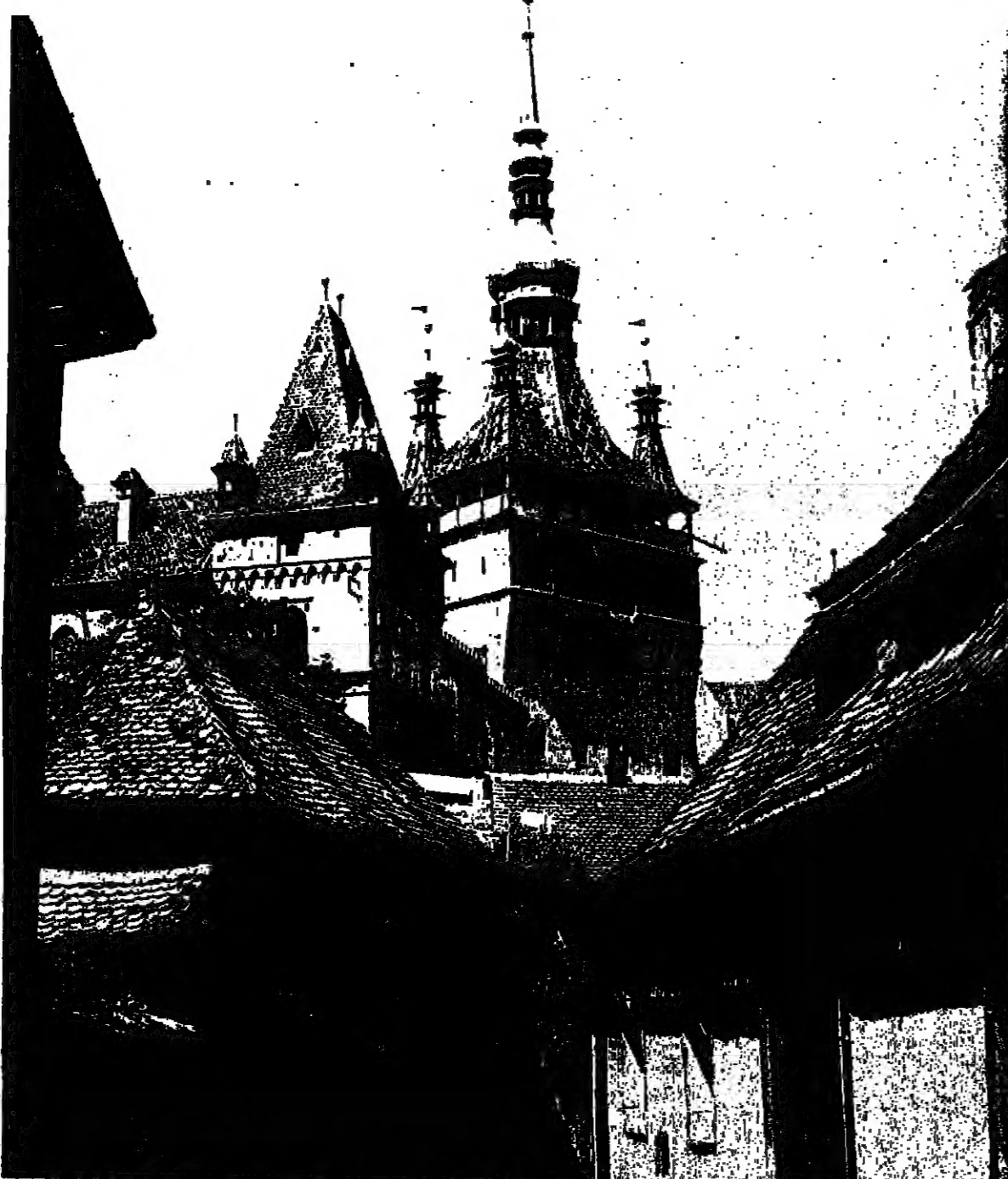
The most striking first impressions of Bucharest are — in contrast to Tel Aviv — spotless cleanliness and the absence of traffic. All relative of course: our bus driver got very impatient if a "traffic jam" consisted of half-a-dozen cars. We wondered how he would feel in the Tel Aviv rush hour. The rarity of private cars is easy to understand when one learns that the price of the locally assembled Dacia car is the same as a small Volkswagen in Israel, and that the average Rumanian worker earns one third of an Israeli worker's wage.

**B**UCHAREST'S WIDE, tree-lined avenues are reminiscent of Paris; baroque architecture often recalls Lisbon or Madrid, and the wooded lake area to the north is as well kept and green as a London park. The beautiful architecture of the former "Paris of Eastern Europe" remains, though the sparkle and gaiety of the big metropolis is gone. There are a few outdoor cafes in the centre of the city open till late at night where a well-behaved clientele sips its drinks and an occasional street sweeper or car driver (a woman as often as a man) passes by. There is certainly more feeling of regimentation and discipline here than in other, smaller towns.

Window shopping in Bucharest (in fact everywhere) is limited. There is little to buy except peasant shirts, embroidered tablecloths and local salami. This does, of course, ensure no undue strain on the Israeli tourist's holiday budget. You may, if you are lucky, find more imaginative items of peasant art or pottery being sold on "unofficial" stalls in the villages.

Another commodity in short supply is fresh fruit. All we found on sale were a few Jaffa oranges. This is a reflection of government policy since the end of World War II; then, 70 per cent of the population were farmers; today, 30 per cent of the country's workers are in industry. Hopefully, the picturesque farming villages and their peasant inhabitants, unchanged in hundreds of years, will not be allowed to disappear in the march of progress.

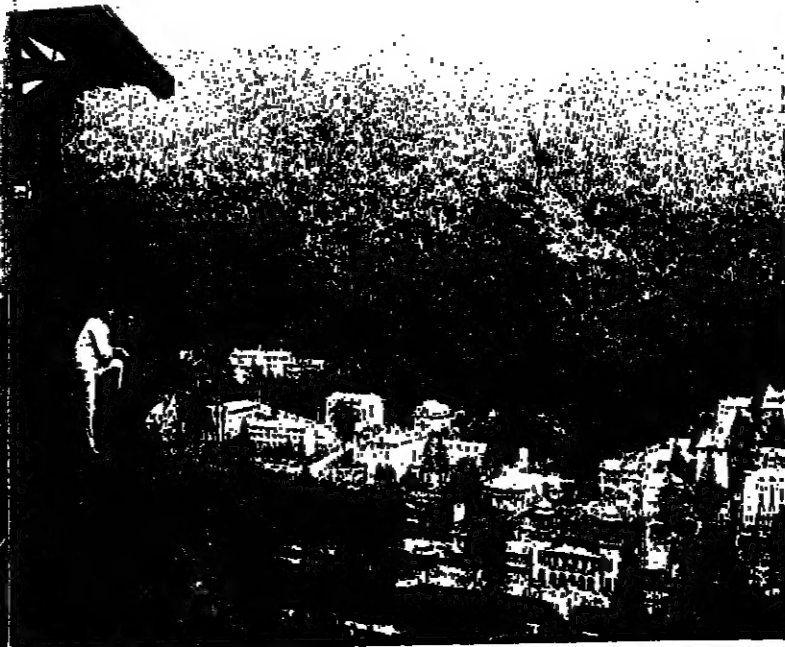
Our brief tour of Bucharest included a visit to the ancient synagogue with its beautiful timbered interior. This is Rabbi Rosen's congregation, where Prime Minister Golda Meir attended a Friday night service during her visit to Rumania last year. The synagogue's 800 seats are well packed on Saturdays, we were told, whilst on high holidays the outside courtyard is packed to capacity.



Sighisoara: the ancient clock tower in the walled city. (Below) Traffic jams are almost unknown in Bucharest's wide, tree-lined boulevards. The city was once known as "the Paris of E. Europe."



The Socialist Republic of Rumania is the only one of the Warsaw Pact countries which maintains normal relations with Israel. Among the many facets of that normality is the constant and growing two-way stream of tourists between Lod and Bucharest. CATHERINE ROSENHEIMER has recently returned from a visit to Rumania: here are some of her observations.



Sinaia-Moldova is a quiet, Victorian spa set in wooded mountains.



Polana Brasov, a well developed ski resort and tourist centre (above) is near the country's second-largest city, Brasov (below).



A sweltering humid freak heatwave broke, and we left Bucharest in stormy weather, driving through endless new high-rise housing developments on the outskirts of the capital (what is the Rumanian word for Shikma?) through the industrial town of Ploesti — centre of the country's oil and petro-chemical industry. Our first sight of the Carpathian mountains was, sadly, obliterated by mist and cloud. Mountain streams which should have been trickles were swollen to gushing torrents; but the weather improved, and we were able to appreciate the full beauty of the region. Calmanesti-Cacul is one of many spa resorts

visiting friends who have experienced it tell me that treatment in Rumanian spas is of high professional standard, with each patient's timetable adjusted to his precise medical needs, and that after-effects are extremely satisfactory. At Calmanesti-Cacul, one of the many we visited, IL100 per person seemed a reasonable price for a comfortable room with full board and treatment, and a swimming-pool filled with water from the resort's hot sulphur springs.

En route to Sibiu, we passed endless villages with a Mediterranean look to their red-roofed, white-painted houses and their terraces, with arched supports, clad in grapevines. Sighisoara is a most picturesque ancient town with a walled Crusader fortress and ancient timbered clock-tower, from which there are stunning views of the surrounding hills and forests.

As we left Sinaia, another small piece of evidence of friendly Israel-Rumanian trade relations caught my eye: the souvenir seller's wares were stowed in a Jaffa orange crate. Reluctantly, we drove away from rustic Transylvania and Moldavia to visit Brasov, the country's second largest metropolis.

The 16th century city centre of Brasov is the ancient market square. The town's rambling old vine cellars are now converted into a multi-level complex of bars, restaurants and night clubs. The Central Carpatian is geared strictly for tourists, and folklore programmes include local songs and dances as well as national favourites to cater to clients' tastes. For our benefit, they sang "Jerusalem the Golden" and "Hava Nagila".

We wandered through Sinaia's wooded park on a quiet Sunday morning. The townsfolk were strolling decorously after church, taking regular swigs from little plastic bottles. No, it was not vodka they were tipping — not even Tula, the popular national drink, but local sulphur mineral waters beneficial for kidney and stomach disorders. Long, orderly queues formed as people waited to refill their bottles, umbrellas open to protect them from the drizzle. Mineral water was popular; rain-water less so.

Like many of the hotels we stayed in, the Parla at Sinaia was a mixture of total efficiency and complete lack of it. Our meal was beautifully served, and included delicious local young trout. The telephone call I booked to

opening gambit was unforgettable. "I'm from Cairo," he said. "And you?"

"I don't think you'd like it if I told you," I replied. When he grasped the point he departed hastily, regaining his polite sufficiency to add, "Never mind. I'm very broadminded!" As we fled out of the restaurant later, my Egyptian dance partner bade me a friendly goodbye.

Our guide, Manuel was a man of infinite patience and a fund of knowledge, always careful to resist showing us one sight too many, sensitive to our interests and wishes. Thanks largely to him, even by Day Six of a very tight itinerary, all of us were alert and ready to see more. Polana Brasov, a ski resort near Brasov, gave us a fleetingly pleasant taste of Rumania's winter attractions. The snows were gone, but distant peaks were still white. 1,500 metres up in the crisp mountain air of the Postavaru peak, we sampled a new variation of Rumania's national drink — hot Tula tea, the local version of Ghikwein. It kept us warm and glowing all the way down again in the chair lift. The Dacian Grange restaurant at the foot of the mountain is a medieval, timbered hut in the style of the country's ancient tribes, its interior lined in fox skins. Even the gypsy musicians there included the inevitable "Jerusalem the Golden" in their repertoire. The country-style meal was well up to the standards and atmosphere of the setting.

**C**OFFEE WAS another of the variables of the trip — I agree with those who recommend taking along one's own jar of instant coffee. Much of what we were served had a strong chicory flavour, though the Turkish coffee we sampled in Sinaia's park was the best of the week, made in copper jugs which are set in heated sand to allow it to brew thoroughly.

"We have spas for everything," quipped one Rumanian. "The problem is that Rumanians prefer Tula to mineral waters!" Speech was far freer than we had imagined and jokes flowed freely during the trip, touching even on political matters. There was the story of the American amazed at the low prices quoted to him by a Russian doctor for various operations. "And how much will it cost to have a tooth extracted?" "A million roubles," was the answer. "In our country, it's very expensive to open your mouth."

**C**ARPATI EXPECTS a total of three million tourists this year, of which it hopes that 10,000 will be Israelis. Those who have visited the country before and returned disappointed by poor hotels and facilities should find many improvements. The older tourist, accustomed to go to Switzerland for a summer cure, may find that Rumania offers a fair substitute at far lower prices. There seems more to attract the middle-aged than the younger bracket of tourists, though both old and sea possibilities could provide a reasonably priced family holiday.

Rumania is currently aiming at attracting a new type of Israeli tourist — not those of Rumanian origin who are sentimentally motivated to visit the country of their birth, but the potential traveller who may never in his wildest dreams have considered a holiday in Rumania.

I certainly belonged in the latter category and it was only a chance invitation that took me there. I don't believe that price alone is the decisive factor that will attract more Israelis to head for Bucharest, Polana Brasov, the Black Sea. I do feel, however, that if the tourist is provided with the comforts and attractions our party experienced — and we were assured that we were being treated as "average" tourists — Rumania's efforts deserve every

**H**ERE, AS in many other restaurants, Israeli Jews welcomed us on our tables. This all seemed a direct contradiction of El Al's stern security briefing and instructions not to be "conspicuously Israeli"; but a top government official assured us that, under a Black Sea. I do feel, however, that be exercised over every local and foreign resident, there is no need to worry about such matters. In the middle of a dance — a kind of gentleman's "excuse me" — a young man kissed both my hands and walked me off. His success

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Jerusalem is to have once again a "Tiferet Israel" synagogue which will be part of a World Centre of the Ruzhin Hassidic movement. Rabbi Dr. ISRAEL WEINSTOCK, head of the Institute for Kabbala and Hassidism in Jerusalem and a descendant of the founder of the dynasty, describes its origins.

## The Ruzhiner Dynasty

**J**UST OVER 101 years ago, the Tiferet Yisrael Synagogue was dedicated with great pomp in the Old City of Jerusalem. Named for Rabbi Yisrael Friedmann, founder of the Ruzhin Hassidic dynasty, it became more popularly known as the Nisan Bak Synagogue, after the man who raised the funds for it and supervised its construction. For more than 75 years, the beautiful synagogue was the pride of Jerusalem; but along with the rest of the Jewish places of worship in the Old City, it was wantonly destroyed by the Jordanians after the 1948 war. Last Sunday, at a site in Romema, the new Tiferet Yisrael Yeshiva complex was dedicated, and the cornerstone was laid for a new synagogue and a world headquarters for the Ruzhin movement.

**R**ABBI YISRAEL Friedmann was the son of the founder of the Ruzhin dynasty, Rabbi Shalom of Probst, himself a grandson of Rabbi Dov Ber, the "Great Maggid" or preacher of Mezritch who was the successor of the Besht, Rabbi Baal Shem Tov, the founder of modern Hassidism.

Yisrael Friedmann was only 16 years old when he succeeded his father in 1813, but his piety and wisdom, enhanced by great personal charm, soon gained him the reverence of the masses as well as the recognition of the leading sages of the day.

Moving to Ruzhin, the young rabbi built himself a palatial residence where he lived in great splendour. When he travelled, it was in a carriage with silver fittings, drawn by four horses, and accompanied by an entourage of attendants.

The court of Ruzhin quickly became the spiritual centre of Russian Jewry who, downtrodden and deprived of civic and human rights, suddenly saw before them a kind of regal saint, and they flocked to Rabbi Yisrael from far and near, both to seek religious guidance and to bask in his glory. And it was not only crowds of pious Hassidim that could be found at the Ruzhin's court; distinguished non-Jewish intellectuals and high-ranking noblemen also came to listen to the wisdom of this great sage and pay homage to him.

**T**HE RUSSIAN authorities were traditionally suspicious of anyone who made himself conspicuous, and as the years passed they became apprehensive at the rumour that Rabbi Yisrael was actually a rebel at heart, who aimed at nothing less than restoring the throne of David and proclaiming himself King of the Jews.

An opportunity to take action against him occurred in 1838, when 80 Jews of Ushitsa, in the province of Podolia, were arrested for complicity in the murder of two Jews who had served the Czarist regime as informers. The fact that Rabbi Yisrael had passed through the town some months earlier provided an excuse to implicate him in the affair and he was arrested and put in solitary confinement, first in Kamnietz-Podolsk and later in Kiev.

After 22 months, the charge of complicity in the murder had to be dropped for want of evidence, but accusation concerning "royal" aspirations was still under

investigation, and Rabbi Yisrael was ordered to remain under police surveillance. He was given permission to move, with his family, to Kishinev, in Bessarabia.

When his followers learned confidentially that a ministerial decree had been signed for his banishment to Siberia, they smuggled him across the border into Rumania. After a short stay in Jassy, he finally moved to Bukovina, part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

All the Russian attempts to get him returned to their jurisdiction were unavailing, and Rabbi Yisrael Friedmann — or Ben Shalom, as he was henceforth known — was eventually given permission to reside permanently within the Empire.

In 1841, he decided to make his home on the large estate near Sadagora, in Bukovina, which his followers had bought in his name. In due course, his family were given permission to leave Russia and join him.

This marked the end of the Rabbi's migrations, but as a matter of precaution, he acquired Turkish nationality for himself and his entire family and — Eretz Israel then being under Turkish rule — registered as a "citizen of Jerusalem" (a status that his descendants maintained until very recent times).

**A**T SADAGORA, "The Ruzhiner," as he continued to be called, revived the glories of his former court. The Torah ark in the sanctuary where he prayed was exquisitely wrought in silver, supported on a stand of solid silver. The food at his table was served on silver plates and eaten with golden cutlery.

Hassidim from all over Russia and Poland made pilgrimages to the new centre of Hassidism, where the splendour of the way of life was completely contrary to the accepted standards of devout Jewry throughout the ages. But in the eyes of his contemporaries, the Tzaddik behaved thus not for his own aggrandisement, but as a way of serving the Lord.

His court, at Sadagora as at Ruzhin, was constantly filled with the sound of music and dancing. The only thing that ever brought sadness to his heart, it was said, was the suffering of others.

"Wherever a Jew suffers," he once exclaimed, "I feel his pain. I feel it in the suffering of the Divine Presence. In every man there is a spark of the divine; he who hurts a man, hurts the Father in Heaven." His left no written record of the doctrines he used to expound, in simple language, to his followers, illustrating them with homely stories and parables. Asked why he did not record his teachings, he once replied: "Others write books. I thank heaven, have brought forth none. They will tell all who wish to hear what I wish to tell them — that there is a God in the world. Through my children, all will know what God is."

It was in 1841, the year he established himself in Sadagora, that Rabbi Yisrael initiated the settlement of Hassidism in Eretz Israel. Shortly after its foundation, he had a visit from Nissim Bak, son of Yisrael Bak who was just setting up the first printing press in Jerusalem to replace the one he had formerly established in Safed.

Nissim Bak told Rabbi Yisrael that Czar Nicholas I was negotiating for a piece of land in Jerusalem, on the hill facing the Western Wall, on which to erect a cathedral (it was eventually built in what became the Russian Compound). Rabbi Yisrael was horrified. Exclaiming, "This must never be!" he went to a closet, took out a bag filled with gold ducats and handed it to the young man. "I entrust you with a sacred mission," he said. "Return to Jerusalem at once, secure the possession of that holy plot at any cost, and start building a house of prayer there to the glory of the God of Israel."

**T**HE CAPABLE young Hassid fully justified the Rabbi's trust in him, working strenuously to overcome the many obstacles placed in his path.

By 1843, the site had been acquired and registered for the intended purpose; but it took another 15 years before the firm was received from Constantinople giving the Governor of Jerusalem permission to issue a building licence and by that time Rabbi Yisrael had been dead for eight years. Another 14 years were to pass before the construction, directed and supervised in every detail by Nissim Bak, with the moral and material support of the Ruzhiner's son and successor, Rabbi Avraham Yaacov of Sadagora.

Neither Rabbi Avraham nor his five brothers had their father's charisma but, true to his prediction, they — along with their four brothers-in-law — spread his brand of Hassidism far and wide, from Sadagora and from the various centres they set up in different communities of Bukovina, Galicia and Rumania. They all bore the stamp of his nobility of spirit, his true human kindness and, above all, his all-embracing love of Jews and Eretz Israel.

The outbreak of World War I sent numerous prominent members of the family, as well as many of their adherents, westward from Eastern Europe, mainly to Vienna. Many of them had already taken an active part in the national revival, and as early as 1895 Theodor Herzl was writing in his diary: "The Wonder Rabbi of Sadagora to be brought over (to the Jewish State) and installed as something like the bishop of a province."

The Holocaust put a violent end to the Jewish centres in Europe, but before World War II some members of the Ruzhin dynasty had moved to Eretz Israel. A few escaped to the United States, especially to New York, which was thus also drawn into the orbit of Ruzhin Hassidism.

**T**HE original impulse has remained powerful through the generations and through the migration. While the foundation stone has now been laid, in the Tiferet Yisrael Yeshiva complex, for a magnificent new synagogue, and world centre of Ruzhin Hassidism, preparations are also in progress for the rebuilding of the old Nissim Bak synagogue in the Old City, enlarged, but incorporating its original characteristics. Thus, Rabbi Yisrael's dream of a house of prayer to the glory of the God of Israel will have a double fulfilment, within and outside the walls of Jerusalem.

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THE FILMING ended last week in Tel Aviv of the last scenes in the pathetic story of Dr. Janusz Korczak, the Warsaw educator who was "liquidated" with the 200 children of his orphanage in August 1940. The rushes have been sent to Berlin, where the editing will be done. The world premiere of the film is scheduled for October in New York, while a German version is to be shown on television in West Germany.

"The Martyr" is a co-production of CCC Film, Berlin, and ALFA Film, Tel Aviv. The men behind these firms are Artur Brauner and Jacob Alkow respectively. Mr. Brauner is a businessman, a Jew from Eastern Europe who lives mainly in Germany but has interests in many countries, including Israel. Mr. Alkow, in his young days a junior collaborator of Cecil de Mille, lives in active retirement in Herzliya. Making films in Israel is for him an emotional hobby.

The story of Janusz Korczak had haunted Mr. Brauner for years. Ten years ago he commissioned a screenplay from Alexander Ramati, a Polish writer living in Hollywood. Korczak's story was to serve as the central theme in a saga of the Warsaw ghetto, ending with the ghetto uprising.

THE FILM was to be made in Warsaw, with the cooperation of the Polish authorities. After the Six Day War, however, the Poles backed out. There were several new versions of the screenplay, the ghetto uprising was dropped, and the final script, prepared by Yosef Gross, concentrates on the last fifteen days at the Korczak orphanage.

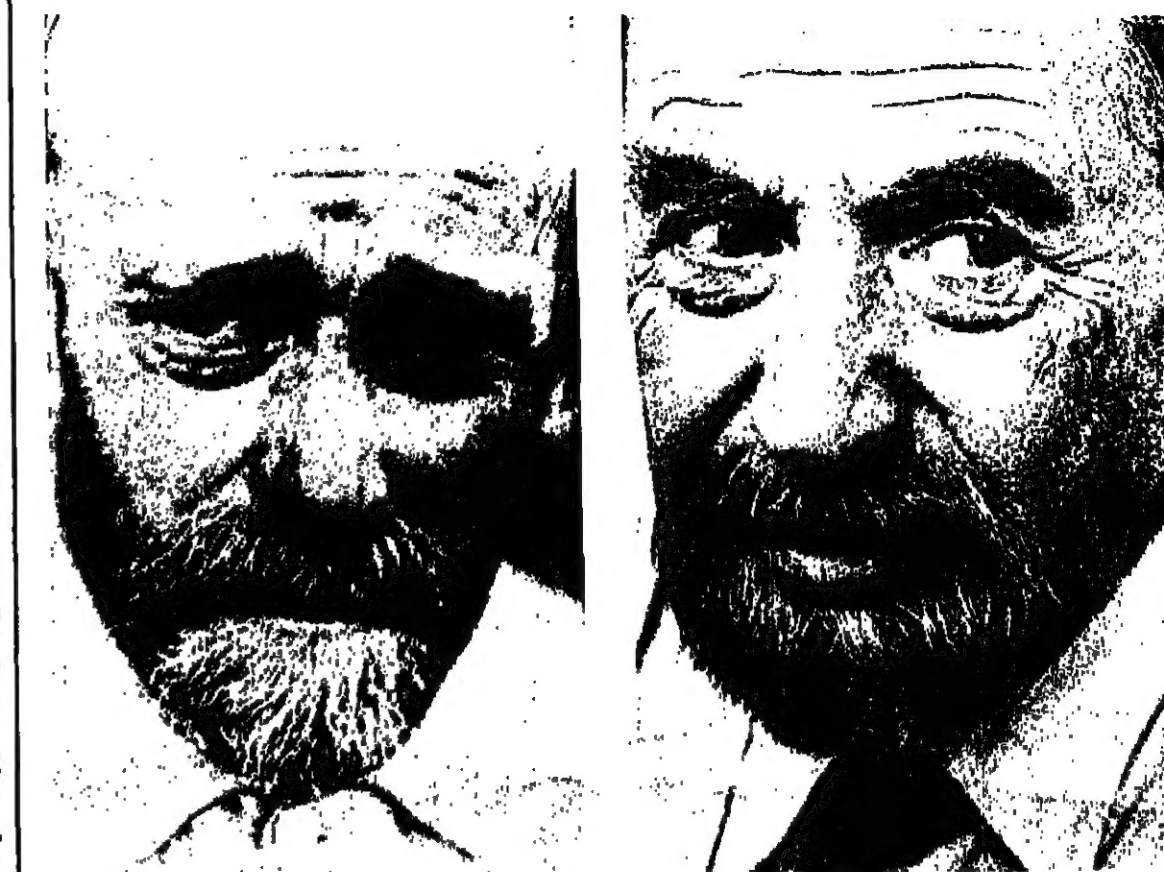
The ghetto scenes were shot at Spandau, a poor neighbourhood in West Berlin, a stone's throw from the prison where the last of the Nuremberg prisoners, Rudolf Hees, still lingers.

"I would never have imagined that such squalor still existed in Western Europe," said Orna Porat, the Israeli actress who plays the female lead Korczak's housekeeper.

The scenes inside the orphanage were filmed in the abandoned Youth Centre off the sea front between Tel Aviv and Jaffa. About a hundred children were assembled there to play Korczak's

## JANUSZ KORCZAK'S LAST FIFTEEN DAYS

Shooting has now been completed of a feature film based on the life of Dr. Janusz Korczak, the Warsaw teacher who volunteered to share the fate of his pupils. SRAYA SHAPIRO visited the set while the director, who knew Korczak personally, was shooting a scene, with Leo Genn and Orna Porat.



The real Korczak and (right) Leo Genn, the well-known actor who plays him in the film.

charges. In Berlin, the orphans were played by a similar number of children of Turkish workers, but a number of the Israeli children were flown over to Germany so that some of the same ones would appear throughout the picture.

KORCZAK'S NAME is revered by everyone who lived in Poland between the two world wars. The son of a Jewish lawyer in Warsaw, Henryk Goldszmit studied to be a physician, but he became famous for the children's stories he published under the nom de plume, Janusz Korczak. His views on education found favour in many quarters, and Hashomer Hatzair regarded him as a trail-blazer.

Though he was offered the opportunity of staying here when he visited the country in 1939, he preferred to return to Warsaw, which he felt to be the only place he could live. But in his ghetto journal, which was published recently, he recorded his hope of writing a romantic novel about young kibbutzniks in the Emek. He was given a chance of escaping from the ghetto, but would not leave "his" children, whom he took, dancing to the train that led them to the extermination camp.

Alexander Ford, the Polish-born director of "The Martyr," knew Korczak personally.

"He gave me a vivid description of the man, his ideals and his foibles," said Leo Genn, who plays Korczak in the film. Mr. Genn, a noted British stage and screen actor, played with Laurence Olivier in the film of "Henry V" and also appeared in "Moby Dick" and the French version of "Lady Chatterley's Lover."

"I first heard of Korczak when I was working at the Bergen-Belsen camp after the war, as a member of the British intelligence mission investigating Nazi war crimes," said Mr. Genn.

After spending his first three weeks in Israel "like a troglodyte on the set," he expected to tour the country with his wife. "This is one of the places I have always wanted to visit," he said.

The junior female lead in the film is played by Efrat Lavie, the girl who recently played opposite Yoram Gason in "Kazabian."

(Left) Orna Porat who plays Korczak's housekeeper. (Right) One of the "orphans" listens to a discussion between Alexander Ford, the director, and the camera crew.



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# HOW TO RENT A CAMEL

Story and pictures by Charles Weiss

ISRAEL'S NEW FRONTIER is to the West, in the deserts of Sinai. This vast territory is a constant challenge to the hardy. The land is perfect travel by scenic bus or plane, with food ready and waiting at each camp site. We traveled like the Beduin do, by camel.

When we started, we were two newspapermen with a great idea: our only problem was, how to carry it out. The wisest move we made was interesting a Hebrew University anthropologist in joining us. Israel Stockman is an expert on Beduin dialects and customs, and what's more, could even pass himself off as an authority on camel flesh. He was invaluable.

There are no rent-a-camel agencies in Sinai. Once you've decided where you want to go to, there are two ways you can set about getting the transportation. One is to deal with the principal sheikhs in the area, pay them and have them assign someone for the job. The other is to try to make contact with independent camel operators and hire them and their beasts.

Our first target was the "sheikh of sheikhs" in southern Sinai, Sheikh Bek Abu Abdullah. He commands the loyalty of the seven principal tribes in the south, all told about 11,000 Beduin. He wasn't home when we called at one of his encampments near Dahab, on the east coast of Sinai. He was off somewhere in the interior. Try again.

AT WAD A-TUR, a big Beduin camp near the oasis of A-Tur on the Gulf of Suez, we sought out Gharbiye Abu Atig, a minor sheikh but a controversial one. A tall, dark-skinned man of about 35, with a royal presence, he fitted the popular idea of what a Beduin prince should look like. He wore long black robes and affected a thin moustache. Instead of galloping on a white charger, he cartered around the encampment in a cream-colored Chevrolet pickup truck.

Our anthropologist was interested in him chiefly as an example of the impact on traditional Beduin life of modern Egyptian and Israeli influences. Abu Atig was a peculiar mixture of Mafia tendencies superimposed on tribal custom. He had the reputation of running the protection racket among the fishermen in the port. He reportedly took his retainer in either cash or fish. He also received the IL175 a month from the Military Government pay for the sheikhs. He kept up two homes in Wad A-Tur, one for each of the two wives he had with him. An indication of his cosmopolitan status was that one was not from his own but from a neighboring tribe. He had had a third wife. She was Egyptian, and Stockman described her as a blump, a spot, a sharp contrast to the undernourished Beduin types. She had left him after the Six Day War to go home to her folks on the other side of the Gulf.

Abu Atig was also said to have a finger in the hashish-smuggling trade from Lebanon and Turkey through Syria, Jordan and Saudi, then by small boat to Sinai, by camel to the west coast and again by sea to Egypt. This smuggling also done in Israeli towns information as a sideline, and Sheikh Abu Atig had run

afoul of the law on this count, though nothing had been proved against him.

THE SHEIKH listened courteously to Stockman's request, but would only promise to see what he could do. A day passed and he did nothing. Then by word of mouth, an Egyptian living in A-Tur got wind of our need of camels and offered his services. After an hour or so of talk over a series of cups of coffee, Stockman turned him down. He told us the Egyptian seemed untrustworthy.

Another fellow turned up, a tubercular local type named Mohammed, who never smiled. It was here that Stockman won our respect. After the usual time-consuming courtesies and negotiations, Stockman broke off the talks on the grounds that Mohammed wanted too much money. The latter stalked off angrily. Stockman assured us that he would be back. We were not so sure.

But the following morning Mohammed showed up, this time with a more acceptable offer and the promise of four camels. He also brought along a partner, Suleiman, a tough, wizened little man with a ready smile. It seemed that no one had four camels of his own, but Mohammed and Suleiman, with one apiece, could scrounge the other two. The negotiations became more down to earth, and a bargain was struck on IL140 a day for the four camels and the two drivers, plus a sack of grain. This turned out to cost IL20.

WE SET OUT early the next day. Wiry, short-legged Suleiman waddled tirelessly out in front, easily keeping ahead of the lead camel. Mohammed dourly brought up the rear.

The sun raced to the zenith as we plodded through barren wastelands behind A-Tur that quickly turned into a broad expanse of sand, a true desert. Here and there was a kind of prickly, scurvy cactus that one camel or another would stop to munch on, leaving his rider holding on precariously as he peered down the long slope of the camel's neck.

After three hours we made our first stop, at an unshaded rock like all the other rocks we could see. Here we had our first experience of hunting for firewood in country where nothing grows. It seems that there are always bits of twigs, no matter how barren the scene may look. It could be that we scavenged the flotsam of a decade of flash floods for our breakfast coffee.

It was also the first time that we saw Stockman bake Beduin bread. He took a little flour and water, kneaded it into dough and threw this straight into the fire, inside of fifteen minutes, we had tasty, if sooty, bread.

My camel was an unfriendly, spastic type who refused to respond to any of the overtures — a few gentle pats, a soft word — with which a horse can be coaxed. When I spoke to him, he would just stare back with bored, uncomprehending glances, reminiscent of a cat.

We now entered on what had once been a road. It was Saket Abbas Basha, a barely discernible twin row of stones going in a perfectly straight line all the way

to the mountains in the distance. Saket Abbas Basha was built in the last century by an Egyptian pasha, who had been banished to a castle in Sinai not far from Santa Katarina. The stones were the remains of the camel track which led to the castle.

All I'd been told about the rocking motion of a camel being upsetting was simply not true. My difficulty was finding a place for my legs, not seasickness. I just couldn't find a comfortable position.

We stopped for another break just before entering the pass into the mountains. It was here that the camel and I parted company. I found that not only had I been uncomfortable; the saddle horn had opened big sores on my backside. From here on through Wadi Hibran, Wadi Salaf and all the way to the Firan Oasis on the main road to Santa Katarina, I walked. My companions — including Suleiman, who, as my camel driver, had expected to do the whole expedition on foot, rode.

In the next three days, we covered more than 50 km. of some of the most magnificent terrain imaginable. And to all intents and purposes completely empty: during the whole time we ran into people twice.

On the morning of the second day, two Beduin shepherd girls crossed our path. They were careful to keep their distance, and dashed a little way up the side of the wadi so as not to get too close.

Stockman wheeled them into conversation, sending us on ahead in order not to frighten them. It turned out that they belonged to the Hus'at tribe, which has its base in Saudi and is looked down on in Sinai. The girls weren't suspicious only of us.

THE SPARSE VEGETATION at the mouth of the wadi gradually gave way to barrenness as we moved further inland. Underfoot was mostly the salt of generations of floods, a kind of staccato memory of the passage of water in some remote era. The almost sheer boulder walls of the wadi were a deep burgundy colour.

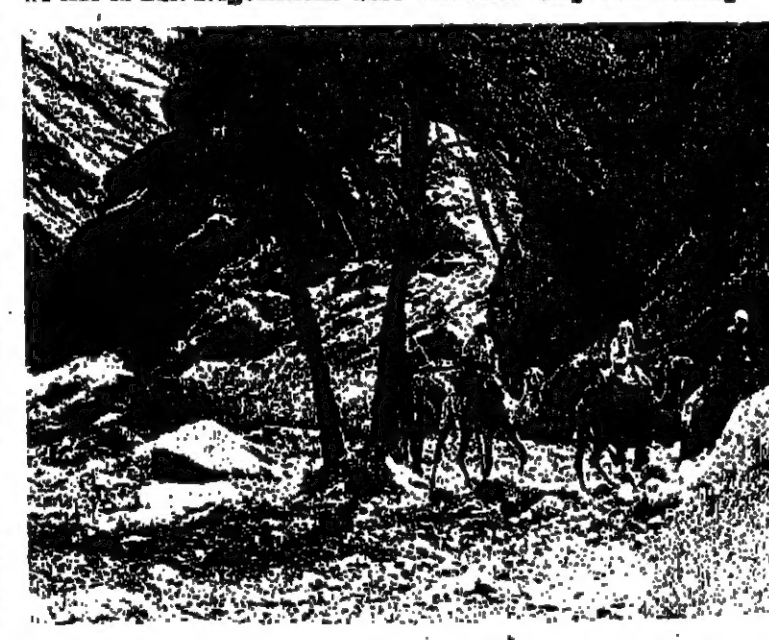
Passing a bend in the twisting canyon, on the second day, we came on a rare sight — a lush truck-garden, all of half a dunam in size. Two men were pulling up buckets of water from some subterranean source and watering the patch by means of a primitive wooden sluice system. With Stockman's help, we tried to find out why it was called Bir Nagan (Well of the Christians). The men did not know. They pressed a drink on us. The water was warm and slightly brackish. The tomatoes, corn and green peppers they were tending didn't seem to mind.

Camping out in Wadi Hibran was an adventure in itself. The sun disappears quickly in the canyon, and absolute darkness takes over. We scrounged around for an hour to gather enough wood for a fire. Stockman went through his bread-baking routine and we opened cans of bully beef and peas.

The camel drivers shared everything we have for dinner, but under some kind of unwritten union rules, they sat out the wood-gathering stage. They were in charge of making coffee, however. By eight o'clock we were



Stockman, Suleiman (in the centre) and Mohammed bargaining before we left A-Tur. Negotiations were concluded only next morning.



On the trail in Wadi Hibran. (Below) Drawing water at Bir Nagan.



huddled up for the night in our sleeping bags.

GETTING CAMELS ready to travel is an involved process. The jerry can of water has to be balanced carefully against some freight of the same weight on the other side. The saddle-pack of wonderfully colourful wool goes over the wooden, twin-horned saddle itself. Then comes a collection of blankets and finally the sleeping bags, the ultimate in padding. The fitting-out process took Mohammed and Suleiman almost an hour each time, and since the camels were unloaded at every stop, had to be repeated three or four times a day.

If the camel is the ship of the desert, ours certainly gave the impression of being very frail vessels. Either they were particularly sensitive or else that's the way the animal has to be treated. A three-hour trek was all the camel drivers would allow. Then the beasts had to be watered and rested. If we chanced upon water, they also had to drink — after being laboriously unloaded. At times, our path took us through some slippery, rocky stretch. For me, on foot, it was easy. The camel riders had to dismount.

Just before entering the Firan, we spent one night a few hundred metres from an encampment of the Ulat Sa'id tribe. There is a Beduin proverb that says "Hrabak be'd walls ulat-Sa'id," — "pitch your camp far away but never with the Ulat Sa'id." We tasted it and found it to be apt.

Stockman said that in accordance with the Beduin tradition of hospitality, a traveller is either put up in the guest-house for the night or else invited into one of the homes. He may also be offered a kid at a reasonable price to cook for his dinner, and is expected to invite his host to partake of it. Since we were really too strange to be asked into the encampment, one of the tribesmen came over carrying a kid. He seemed very sure of his sale, and both Mohammed and Suleiman were already licking their chops in anticipation.

The local Beduin first showed off all the kid's fine points. This skinny little animal, that seemed to know the score and bleated accordingly, was offered to us for what the Beduin said was a bargain price: IL75. Stockman said no. He wouldn't pay more than IL50. They haggled for an hour.

Then, in defiance of Beduin custom, our goat salesman picked up his merchandise and walked off. We had bully beef again.

Our final destination was the Firan Oasis, the biggest in all Sinai. There we paid off our camel drivers and bade them farewell.

We were tired, dirty, unshaven and right out of provisions.

Fortunately we were able to buy some soft, if not very cold, drinks before setting off to hitchhike to Abu Rodeh. We were also elated and proud at having made the trek, with all its discomforts. According to knowledgeable sources, our route has been taken only by the army and an archaeologist by two. But that will not be true much longer. According to the Ministry of Labour, a road suitable for buses, four-wheeled drive vehicles and, of course, camels is planned. It will be ready by next spring.

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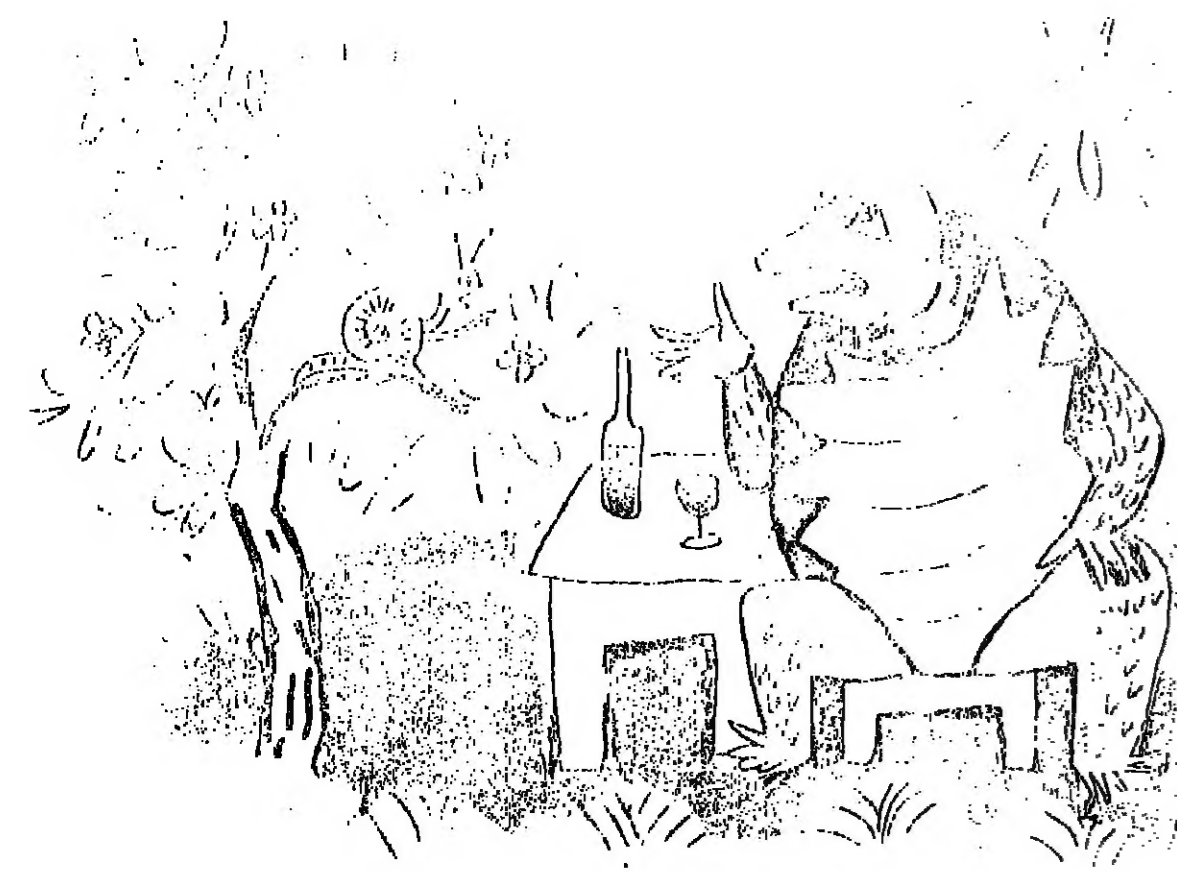
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# Guttmann pictures for your poems

Minna Averbach



One of Nahum Guttmann's delightful drawings around which the reader can weave a story.

PAINTER NAHUM Guttmann had some drawings which, for want of a story to go with, were stuck away in a drawer and feeling bored. Then, it came to him to believe the introduction to ANI OHEV LE-TSAVER, by Yehonatan Levi, that he should draw a picture to go with the story. He did, but was still hungry, and his mother went in search of more food. He got bored (especially, eight), or at skipping the was the rope, till an unknown thing appeared in the shape of a hedgehog and announced:

"I'm scared of nothing. Not even pythons. And you're a python." Then-Then said: "I'm scared of nothing either. And you're nothing, because you can't eat you." "In that case maybe we can be friends?"

I am also very fond of Phill the elephant who was thirsty, but as his mother happened to be away visiting his father (who was in the Zoo) he had to go and look for water on his own. He asked a woodpecker, but could get nothing out of him except answers like "You're sure, water's very good if you're thirsty," and "Sure I've seen water. Twice. In a lake once. And in a river once. And in the sea." He asked a monkey, who only trifled with him, and when he went on he found a lake! Being a very helpless sort of baby-elephant, though, he just stood there wondering what to do and getting thirstier and thirstier. Till a black swan floating on the lake pointed out the possibilities of the gate a bit further on. Phill went through the gate and drank his fill and thanked the swan for his good advice. "You're welcome," said the black swan, "I always give good advice — when there's a gate."

LOTS OF BOURLA stories are about food — which interests both children and baby-animals — and about making-friends, being-friends, being-lonely-without-friends — all of which I'd be reluctant to lump together under the abstract title of friendship. Food and friendship often go together — as you will have noticed in the philosophy of Thom-Then — and even more often don't, as in the case of the baby-elephant who wouldn't eat and because he felt friendly towards them — they were so little

and so cute. He ends up eating them all the same, loving them and eating them, for such is life.

The Antelope story appears in SHALOSH VE'OD KAHOL, TITUTIVU, (Three and Blue, same format, same publisher), which is a slightly less successful collection. And when Bourla is slightly less successful, you may become a bit irritated by some of his mannerisms, such as the repeated use of the full-stop like, "He was tired. Very." Or, "Nothing scares me. Ever." Nevertheless, I wouldn't like to urge you to buy the first rather than the second book (if you can't have both). If only for the sake of "Dragonfly for a Day," the last story in "Shalosh Ve'od KAHOL," where Bourla's lyrical quality, often subtly present under the rambling nonsense, flows into full poignant beauty.

TO WRITE an exciting story full of humour and suspense for 10-13-year-old readers, and at the same time offer those readers a frank, complete and yet tactful explanation of the facts of life, is such an achievement, I would warmly recommend HAKOL HITIL BINESHIKA, by Zvia Granot (It all Began with a Kiss, Tel Aviv, Karni, 131 pp., drawings by Anonymous), whether you think your child knows all the facts, suspects some, or none at all. The story is told in the first person by 11-year-old Erez, who, with his twin brother Yovav, wants to find out how babies are made.

It all starts, not really with a kiss but with their father who, furious at the twins' 16-year-old sister Daphna's fashionably ragged attire, yells that he won't have her go around looking like a prostitute. Now the first thing the twins would like to know is why their father calls Daphna a prostitute, and the second, what a prostitute is. Mother — a bit of a caricature of the modern child-psychology-lecture attendee under the abstract title of friendship. Food and friendship often go together — as you will have noticed in the philosophy of Thom-Then — and even more often don't, as in the case of the baby-elephant who wouldn't eat and because he felt friendly towards them — they were so little

to, that the twins are little wiser. They mean at first to have better luck with their adolescent cousin Amnon, who talks like a person with vast practical experience: "Sure I know how babies are made. The whole trick is to know how and to make them." So that when he in- comes then he is going out with a girl tonight, they follow him to see what he'll do, and find he has just been eating-bananas about to them: "I guess you'll never know how babies are made," said Yovav bitterly. "How long they are!" said Erez.

Further meditating, a new idea came upon them, Erez — who tells them all about the best — Louis de Maudslayi, who was technically adolescent but from Louis's hippie boy-rebel. It is their grandfather who finally un- tangles the confused mixture of fancy and half-truth they have ac- cumulated on the way. (Though after he has also explained that love making is a pleasant activity and that, combined with love, it can be a very beautiful experience, the story ends with the following conver- sation:)

Listen, Erez, don't you think it's disgusting? What is? Disputation... I'll never do it. I don't want children at all anyway. Do you? I think I'll try it once and make up my mind after.

The cleverly contrived result of the twist of the quest is that along with them, the reader himself is only gradually led to the true, and per- haps to him as to them, non-whole- which is at last not only an annex to the palace of art.

But standards are not asserted. In the tough 1970s what counts is making a little go a long way. It is the bright improvisation, the skilled twist to an arm. It is that twist which must be resisted, so that the dim and the shabby are stripped of false glamour.

Do not always be impressed by the face on the cover of "Time" magazine. Do not give all your praise to the clever ladies of women's liberation without so much as a thought for George Eliot. Cultivate judgment.

Such activities sound priggish. Begging the world to be wise is not more attractive than railing at it. But as the 1970s proceed there does appear to be an unusual absence of wisdom on all hands and a failure of judgment which is communicated like a virus from one area of living to another.

Here, surely, the individual can help. He may not be able to rise up and unseat the naughtiness of the age; but at the least he can refuse to be deceived: a refusal which means a great deal of hard work, and very few earthly rewards.

In the 1950s there was much solemn talk about the idea of "com- mitment." At the time it amounted to whether or not art should be interlocked with society. The more essential commitment today is to the need for recognizing, and then seek- ing out, the first-rate in both art and living. There is more of the first-rate available than the second-rate; and for preferring the second-rate to the third-rate.

From "The Times" Literary Supplement, May 21.

## Standards

Alan Pryor-Jones

THE 1970s have to be conducted in modest ways, to begin with. And they are not to be devoted, whether in politics, art or daily living, by the after rubbish which will be set up as a desirable, which means: something standard, which is in the re- sponse to a standard, have greater value than others.

"There is in the present, running in New York a miracle 'Little Night Music.' It is one of the few Broadway shows for which there is truly hard to get, and it has been greeted with rapture by the critics and by much of the public as an exquisite, even an elevated, experi- ence."

True, it is pretty to look at, and its lyrics are deft; otherwise it offers fare as nourishing as an old song-cycle, sugary and friable. In better days it would have run for a week or two. But because nostalgia is a new catch word, because com- petition is feeble, and because com- munication is almost non-existent, pretty deftness gets by. It is con- founded with mastery.

If standards were asserted, much the same could be said of books re- cently greeted only because the author once exhibited a talent, then stretched it a little, and gained a brief seat in the hall of fame — which is at last not only an annex to the palace of art.

But standards are not asserted. In the tough 1970s what counts is making a little go a long way. It is the bright improvisation, the skilled twist to an arm. It is that twist which must be resisted, so that the dim and the shabby are stripped of false glamour.

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## Journal

THE HEBREW UNIVERSITY'S In- stitute of Languages and Literatures has just published the first issue of its new journal, "The Hebrew University Studies in Literature," to be issued bi-annually, under the editorship of Shimon Sandbank and Ariel Serper. It contains articles by Mark Spilka on "Tan Watt on In- trusive Authors"; Dorothea Krook on "The Madness of Art: Further Re- flections on the Ambiguity of Henry James"; Yosef Dan ("An Early Hebrew Source of the Yiddish 'Agda- moth' Story"); Shalom J. Kahn ("Mark Twain as American Ra- bbi"); Robert Friend ("The Quest for Ronsard: A Comparison of Two Passages to India"); Alexander Gellay on "The Landscape of Happi- ness in 'La Chartreuse de Parme'"; and Theresia Malachi ("L'Idée de bonheur dans le théâtre d'Anouilh").

# The terrible summer of 1944

THE SUMMER THAT BLEED, The Biography of Hannah Senesh, by Anthony Masters, London, Michael Joseph, 340 pp. £3.15 or British Council Library, Jerusalem.

Aviva Even-Paz

THE TROUBLE is that the name has become a cliché. What does one think of? A pale dream- ing face, a poem, something about a match burning — it all seems so old but and trite, "Blondie," the warning over of old embers. "The Summer that Bleed" dispels this attitude in short order. It is absorbing, interesting and terribly disturbing — and the most amaz- ing thing about it is that it is written by a non-Jew.

Anthony Masters, a young Eng- lish novelist, seems to have identified himself effortlessly and unmen- tionally with the Jewish plight and with Hannah Senesh, so much so, in fact, that without didacticism or tendentiousness he gives meaning to what otherwise might seem to some an exercise in martyrdom.

Why did this young girl volun- teer for what was obviously the hopeless and suicidal mission of try- ing to save Hungarian Jewry? Was it a form of madness, an expression of romantic adolescent feelings? I confess that, before reading this book, I used to think a little along these lines, but I don't think so any more. If her mission had succeeded even par- tially, she would have been obviously vindicated, even despite its total failure, she needs no vin- dication. There are some actions that are their own justification. One must do what is right and who knows what the reverberations will be?

TOGETHER with the story of Hannah Senesh, Masters chronicles the events leading up to the doom of the Jews of Hungary; he even though one knows the inevi- table end, his narrative never fails to interest. We know what is going to happen, we see the net closing in as month follows month during the terrible summer of 1944. Yet still we feel something more, the mad, unnecessary frightfulness will be created. Because all the time, until the final rounding up of the Jews in Budapest (where most of Hungarian Jewry had converged) in November 1944, negotiations were going on between the Jewish Rescue Committee, headed by Rezszo Kas- ner, and the Nazis, led of course by Eichmann.

It is no exaggeration to say that Kasner is at least as interesting a figure as Hannah, a Shake- spearian hero with all the ingredi- ents of heroic drama: honour, friendship, conflicting loyalties, danger and... power. Kasner was generally admitted to be a brilliant man. Born in the small town of Kluj, he soon made his way to Budapest, where, even with a fas- cist regime in power, he realised this was the place to make his mark. Alex Weisberg, in his book,

"Advocate for the Dead," quoted Joel Brand, another member of the Rescue Committee, as saying: "Provi- dently, with all his weaknesses and mistakes, Kasner was a man who put his heart and soul into the rescue of the Jewish people and who achieved a very great deal. Guided by nature, he nevertheless showed a marvellous courage at critical moments," such as nego- tiating with Eichmann who emerges as the third significant figure in this drama.

And, strangely enough, it was the worldly-wise, devious Kasner who achieved at least part of what Hannah could not do — saving at least a tiny remnant. Time and again Kasner put his head into the lion's den. At one point Eich- mann says to Kasner, "Your nerve is going, Kasner. I'll have to send you to Theresienstadt for a cure. Or would you prefer Auschwitz?"

HANNAH CAME from a comfort- able, intellectual Jewish, bourgeois background. From her earliest years she was different, and others felt it. Masters says Hannah was not a pretty girl, yet several boys fell in love with her and wanted to marry her. What attracted them? Stocky, plump when she was young, with a round face and warm green-blue eyes, she was the daugh- ter of a Hungarian Jewish play- wright-fundamentalist, who wrote elegant, fashionable, witty plays — one remembers the early life of Herzl. People felt her rocky inde- pendence, her refusal to be guided by anything but her own light. She possessed a sagacity and discrimi- nation astonishing in one so young. The Budapest Protestant High School, in a sudden access of illu- minism, had opened its doors for the first time to Jews and Catho- lics. But the Catholics had to pay double, and the Jews triple! The Germans did not exactly find un- fortunate ground for their activities in Hungary. Hannah was one of Jews accepted. Because she was so outstanding at her studies, she reluctantly agreed at the end of the first year that her fees should be reduced to those of the Catholics.

Hannah was keenly aware of what was going on in Europe, and of how Hungary was gradually being surrounded by the Ger- mans — the Anschluss, the Sudetenland, the Vienna Treaty whereby Hungary received part of S. E. Slovakia and Carpatho-Ruthenia, and, as a result, became ever more virulently anti-Semitic. Hungary led a succession of prime ministers, some openly pro-German and anti- Semitic, some, like Kallay, "reluc- tant collaborators," or like Teleki, who committed suicide when he realised that he had been the dupe of the Germans. There was a strange ambiguity even in a figure like Horthy, the Regent to a con- siderable king: according to Mas- ters, he managed to postpone for a time the deportation of the Budap- est Jews, under pressure from Pope Pius XII and Roosevelt, and a note sent from the Swedish king in June, 1944, this was the place to make his mark. Alex Weisberg, in his book,

to Palestine, arriving here in Sep- tember, 1939. The story of Hannah in Palestine has been well docu- mented: it is a pity that her writ- ing is already fading into a sort of Holy Writ, and its originality underestimated. "In the Diaspora, Jews were sad if they had no par- ticular reason to be good-humoured, and here, on the other hand, people are good-humoured if they have no particular reason to be sad — as people are in other lands," she wrote. "While sorting grapefruit in the storeroom, selecting the beauti- ful good ones, and putting them at the bottom, the battered weak ones at the top, the comparison ran through my mind that this is the way God arranged our people. He placed the strong at the bottom so they would bear the pressure which represented the weight of a dove- nation's country, while the battered remained for the top. And within me a request was born. My Lord, may given the choice of saving her no- man's life or those of 20 British soldiers, Hannah replied that she knew her mother would forgive her for the choice she would have to make. In reality it was hard to know what Catherine would have

but rather a great weight upon thought, or Hannah would have done, but the miracle went down very well. To Hunkle, Taylor and Simon, she exhibited a blend of true blue still upper-lip. Mandate loyalty which they thought in a kibbutz, but still she wrote: "The basic function of the kibbutz is to afford satisfaction to all its members, to one it able to live one who had just signed her own death warrant."

THE RESCUE Committee's desperate efforts continued. Brand was sent off to Istanbul, then to Palestine, then to Cairo, to the notorious "gangs for Jews" negotiations, if the members do not feel fresh air all round them when they reach the peak, if they do not sense the broader horizon, if they do not feel as working robots who blindly come and go — then all the efforts will have been wasted. For what is the use of a man reaching the mountains if he can't appreciate with a few other all the beauty around him because high-up officials, locked, Eich- mann's all-consuming zeal to kill Jews.

But although, wherever she went in Palestine — Nahalal, Ginosar, Eilat Yam — she was admired, and her qualities recognised, she her- self was restless and dissatisfied. She had found no focal point (she turned down several offers of mar- riage), she was eaten up with four for her mother Catherine, still in Budapest, and her brother George (Giora) in occupied France. And so her inevitable road was being mapped out, first the Palmach and then the Palestine Jewish para- chute mission to Europe, originally destined to land in Hungary, but changed by the British to a land- ing in Yugoslavia — the first of many cruel setbacks. It was this mission which Hannah had sub- consciously been waiting for. It was at this distance that they were hopeless, since the Allies had come to be sceptical about this hopeless suicidal exploit, yet what seems certain now is that Hannah's rest- lessness was really the response of a haunted sensitive and perceptive soul to what was going on in Europe.

OTHERS COULD regard building up the land as the only true and ad- vantageous answer to which was but, in the meantime, millions, including her nearest and dearest were des- tined for death. Masters re-counts the astounding story of Hannah's eventual acceptance into the small band of parachutists. It may not be generally known that the British stipulated that this handful of young Jews was first to concen- trate on opening up escape-routes for Allied airmen and other escap- ed prisoners of war, and only se- condarily to try and save Jews. "Hannah was interviewed by a joint panel of British and Jewish personnel... Lt-Col. Hunkle, Sq. Leader Taylor and Lt-Col. Si- mon. The Hagana was represent- ed by Ben-Gurion and Shaul Avi- gur... Hunkle said he understood Hannah's mother was living in Budapest. She agreed, faintly con- sidered a threat in the air. Then he asked her what she would do if she was asked to leave her decision would be born. My Lord, may given the choice of saving her no- man's life or those of 20 British soldiers, Hannah replied that she knew her mother would forgive her for the choice she would have to make. In reality it was hard to know what Catherine would have

Through a grotesque mischance, Hannah was eventually captured, tortured and shot. During her cap- tivity in Budapest her mother tried to contact Kasner, who, she had been assured, was the one person who could save her daughter (for her mother Catherine's testimony was to weigh heavily against him) but he was never available.

THE BOOK raises many questions as it fills in the background to this absorbing and macabre story. Why did Kasner fail to help Han- nah? What was the role of the Jewish Agency in the long-pro- tracted negotiations between the Jewish Rescue Committee and Eich- mann? Was it just that they were hopeless, since the Allies had come to be sceptical about this hopeless suicidal exploit, yet what seems certain now is that Hannah's rest- lessness was really the response of a haunted sensitive and perceptive soul to what was going on in Europe.

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# A call for open diplomacy

MEMOIRS (Memoirs), Volume 3, by David Ben-Gurion. Tel Aviv, Am Oved. 680pp.

Sraya Shapiro

THE YEAR 1930 began on a hopeful note. Eretz Yisrael was enjoying an unprecedented economic boom; 60,000 Jews had arrived in the previous year; and travel on the main roads was quite secure. In his New Year Message to Sir Arthur Wauchope, the High Commissioner, Mr. Ben-Gurion, Chairman of the Jewish Agency Executive, said that His Majesty's government in London could think of no better gift than to extend Sir Arthur's term, just drawing to a close. Though on many problems the Jews differed with the High Commissioner, Mr. Ben-Gurion wrote, he felt it was an honour to have Sir Arthur as his debating partner.

The focus of the argument was Britain's intention to establish a Legislative Council with advisory, not legislative, powers. Two-thirds of the Council's members would be Arabs, one-third Jews. The Jewish Agency intimated it would not oppose the gradual turning over of the administration to local people, but on the basis of "parity": half Jews, half Arabs.

Some influential Members of Parliament in London had been won over to this view. But in Jerusalem, the Administration was actively against it. They secured an invitation to London for an Arab delegation — the Jewish Agency was appalled to learn of this only hours before the official announcement was made. Before the delegation left,

however, Eretz Yisrael was shaken by a series of terror killings of Jews. The Arabs also declared a general strike, which was to last six months. It emerged, however, that the Jewish leaders did not have a unanimous evaluation of the Arab aim. Most believed that the terror acts were little more than another episode of political crimes such as Fritz Yisrael had periodically witnessed under the British occupation. Appeal to the authorities in Eretz Yisrael and pressure on the British Government through Parliamentary opinion was suggested to obtain the return of peace.

Mr. BEN-GURION was of a different opinion. The Arabs, he held, were staging a rebellion. The remedy was not police action but a political counter-offensive. Mr. Ben-Gurion suggested the open re-affirmation of the Zionist aim of the restoration of the Jewish national sovereignty in the ancestral homeland. He urged strong pressure on the British Government, British public opinion and the British Administration in Eretz Yisrael to help the Jews in this task by sponsoring the economic and industrial development of the country. He also urged a call for mass aliyah. "If we agree to accept minority status," Mr. Ben-Gurion argued, "there could be peace in a moment." But the Jews had been a minority everywhere in their 2,000 years' wandering. They were a minority in Poland and Rumania, for instance, where their lives were in daily danger. They no longer had any influence in Germany, despite their contributions to her cultural life. The Jews were not coming to Eretz Yisrael to continue the life which had proved so disastrous in the past.



In the end only Menahem Mendel Ussishkin supported Mr. Ben-Gurion in the Jewish Agency. In the Mapai Political Committee Mr. Ben-Gurion faced even worse, though he repeatedly argued that only the Labour Movement was strong and responsible enough in the Yishuv to be able to lead the Jews in a political struggle. Dr. Maurice Hexter, the American non-Zionist member of the Agency Executive, Dr. Werner Senf, the German-born Zionist, and Dr. Yudah L. Magnes, President of the Hebrew University, all pleaded for "concessions" by the Zionists in order to impress the Arabs with the good will of the Jews. They were deaf to

Mr. Ben-Gurion's assertion that the Arabs did not seek a modus vivendi, but simply the total renunciation by the Jews of the Zionist dream. One man gave Mr. Ben-Gurion the bitter Chaim Weizmann. Though he greatly admired Dr. Weizmann, as the spokesman for the Jewish cause (Weizmann was then President of the World Zionist Organization), Mr. Ben-Gurion differed with him on the tactics of achieving the Zionist aim. He wrote: "Weizmann is great when he defends the Zionist point of view; but after he finishes his speech he is convinced that he has done everything possible, and is ready to grant his opponent any concessions." Mr. Ben-Gurion was wholly shocked when Weizmann told British Colonial Secretary Ormsby-Gore that the Zionist Organization would not resist a temporary ban on aliyah — as the British had suggested — "in order to give the Royal Commission a chance to deliberate calmly." Mr. Ben-Gurion said again and again: "That man Weizmann is dangerous." He refused to testify before the Peel Commission because Weizmann had done so.

THE MESSAGE of this volume is a call for open politics. A clear statement by the Zionist Organization that it aimed to re-establish Jewish rule in Eretz Yisrael would inevitably draw opposition; but it would also bring chances to find supporters. Covering up the real goal by subterfuge formulas helped nobody: the enemies of Zionism would not be deceived, while its potential friends would be dismayed. For a person of Mr. Ben-Gurion's stature, risk was the essence of struggle. Like the previous volume, this one — covering the year 1930 — contains only excerpts from letters and protocols, without any personal comment or explanation of the situation at the time of writing. The only notes are short biographical notes in the index. The documents appear in strictly chronological order. Some of the documents are invaluable to the understanding of the political scene in that year; others are repetitive. A short introduction to the volume would be invaluable for the reader who is unable to devote much time to research.

BRITAIN, in Mr. Ben-Gurion's eyes, was not an enemy. Obviously, global strategy and the threat of war dictated many British moves. Mr. Ben-Gurion did not believe, as some of his colleagues in the Jewish Agency did, that replacing Sir Arthur Wauchope would bring a favourable turn in British policy. Mr. Ben-Gurion also cooled the enthusiasm his colleagues showed when Opposition and sometimes pro-Government Members of Parliament delivered magnificent pro-Jewish speeches in Jewish defence; in the final count, he reminded them, it is the official on the spot and not the M.P. who has the decisive influence. He was proved right when the big contingents of British troops

# A Zulu poet speaks out

Gordon Winter

OSWALD MISHALI, a former floorscumber and dishwasher, is a simple, soft-spoken man. He is a short, stocky, bearded Zulu with a look so ordinary that you would hardly notice him if he passed you on your local high street. But, paradoxically, this 33-year-old man with the mild and modest manner walks tall in his native country of South Africa. And this is the strongest voice of Black dissent in that White-dominated land.

He is not a politician, but a poet and writer. Two years ago he was completely unknown and working as a 17 a week newsagent — delivering parcels on a small scooter for a Johannesburg advertising agency. His life changed dramatically when he was encouraged by Lionel Abrahams, a police-crippled Jewish writer and critic, to compile a book of his private thoughts — in poetry form.

It was stunningly successful. Entitled "Sounds of a Cowhide Drum," published by Oxford University Press, it contained 66 poems which chronicled some of the unpleasant experiences suffered by South Africa's 15 million Africans under the system of apartheid.

Although he is basically a non-political man, Oswald somehow placed his finger unerringly on the sensitive inner pulse of the White population's conscience. His harrowing poems — a finely blended mixture of satirical, bitter-sweet, yet humorous, observations — admitted Whites to a world most of them were unaware of. But, because the poems were obviously written without malice and were rarely vengeful, most Whites accepted them as valid and honest criticism.

Very few poets in the world have managed to sell 17,000 copies of their first small volume — at £1 a



Mishali, the "faceless man," achieved immediate critical acclaim.

And, surprisingly, the South African Government tolerated this

unusually gifted firebrand who poignantly mirrors Black grievances. The Security Branch called him in for a two-hour interview when his book received immediate acclaim and front-page treatment in the whole of the South African press. But, he says, they were only checking to see if he was a "Communist-infiltration agent" — and seemed quite relieved when it was found that neither he nor his family had ever been involved with any "underground political movement."

When Mishali was awarded a free trip to Britain last month, the Pretoria regime even granted him a visa to leave the country — a privilege rarely granted to Blacks who publicly criticised the status quo. This strongly indicates that Pretoria accepts Oswald Mishali as a genuine individual who has no political axe to grind.

OSWALD and his wife, Margaret, have a 15-month-old daughter and they live in Soweto, the massive conglomerate of African townships containing the almost one million Black labourers vitally necessary to South Africa's brass "City of Gold" — Johannesburg. The couple live in a matchbox-sized, government-built house with concrete walls and roof. It has a kitchen, one bedroom, a small living room, no bathroom and no electricity.

Mishali studied hard as a child because his mother made him realise the importance of education. But he could not afford to go to university. He was astounded by the success of his poetry but modestly explains it away by saying his book came "just at the right time" — when Whites were beginning to notice the gradual victory of important political and cultural changes in South Africa.

He firmly believes the apartheid monolith is starting to tremble and that non-White living conditions in the Republic will change dramatically — and peacefully — during the next five years. (F.W.P.)

## this week 12 years ago

AUGUST 22, 1961,  
FIRST ISSUE OF "SOVIETISH HEIMLAND"  
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The Yiddish literary-artistic journal appeared first as a bi-monthly and from 1961 as a monthly. It was a partial response by the Soviet authorities to the continued and forceful demands, most of them external, made to reverse the policy — in operation since 1948 — of obliterating Yiddish culture. It devoted about two-thirds of its space to belles-lettres and the remainder to literary criticism, ideological articles, memoirs, polemics, etc. Most of the contributors are elderly Yiddish writers living in the Soviet Union. The magazine is well edited and has earned the reputation of being one of the most attractive Yiddish journals being published. Its material fully reflects the ideology of Soviet patriotism. It is far less "liberal" than certain Soviet magazines, such as "Novy Mir." The literary standard is much lower than that of Soviet Yiddish literature before 1948 although there are interesting and appealing items. It has fulfilled a positive role for Soviet Jewry by providing Yiddish material to a considerable readership and by serving as a symbol of Jewish identity.

ENCYCLOPAEDIA JUDAICA, Vol. 15, col. 215

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## READERS' LITERARY LETTERS

## Secularists and novelists

To The Jerusalem Post Literary Editor  
Sir, — Allow me to reply to Professor Eli Schweid's letter (your issue of August 10) commenting on my review of his "Israel at the Crossroads" in your July 20 issue. I regret that for reasons beyond my control my reply did not reach you in time to appear together with his letter.

1) The error regarding his kibbutz affiliation was inadvertently made by the editor, not the reviewer. Nothing in my review casts doubt on Prof. Schweid's ongoing process of involvement with the Jewish tradition. In fact, the review speaks of his being "reconverted" into the realm of faith during the Six Day War, not in his having undergone any dramatic change.

2) Prof. Schweid denies being a secularist. I, too, don't believe he is a secularist, and that is why I put the term in quotation marks. In fact, I explicitly wrote that he doesn't even acknowledge the existence of Jewish secularists. But he is really playing a subjective semantic game, for it is fair to say that in the current Israeli jargon one who is not an Orthodox Jew may be considered a secularist. I don't necessarily approve of this simplification, but the State Religious School Trend is religious and what is called the State School Trend is not religious — Dati.

I, too, like Prof. Schweid, desperately wish to find a positive common Jewish denominator between the two trends, but this is a wish, not a fact. Regrettably, and unfairly, by Orthodox standards, a non-Orthodox person is still an "avowed secularist," and probably most non-Orthodox people in Israel either accept this categorization or are indifferent to it.

3) The comparison between the Six Day War trauma and that of the giving of the Torah at Mt. Sinai was my own, not Prof. Schweid's. The fact that it was separated by dashes and began with the word "undoubtedly" meant to convey that I was the reviewer speaking, not the author. However, the fact that Prof. Schweid believes my sensitivity to his powerful presentation of the trauma of the war period to be "grotesque and outrageous" is his problem, not mine.

Perhaps in this instance he underestimated himself. I interpreted his presentation to be exactly what I would have probably felt had I been at Sinai some 33 centuries ago, sharing with Jewish multitudes the collective experience of becoming a distinctive nation with a profound sense of spiritual destiny. It was my impression that this was what Prof. Schweid sought to convey with respect to the Six Day War.

Finally, if Prof. Schweid cannot identify as his the major ideas which the review ascribed to him, I am truly sorry. A copy of the book is before me, with the major ideas underlined and annotated. Perhaps I tried to make the most of a non-translation or as some American visitors have told me, I attempted to underscore some of his ideas by uplifting them to a recognizable dimension of relevance and urgent debate.

However, during the spontaneous discussion period at the closing session at the Van Leer Foundation that same night, the unfortunate impression was conveyed by some of the audience speakers that the American-Jewish writing is now on the decline, somewhat second-rate. It is important to correct such a misconception.

In addition to the group of accepted leaders in the literary arena, a whole new school of younger Jewish writers has come up in the last decade. If not yet as established as Bernard Malamud, Saul Bellow, Ludwig Lewisohn, Meyer Levin, Charles Gifford, Maurice Samuel, Robert Nathan, Daniel Fuchs, Irwin Shaw, Edward Lewis Wallant and, if you will, Philip Roth, Leon Uris and Herman Wouk, many clearly give evidence of attaining pre-eminence in the present decade and the next.

Most prominent are Hugh Nissenson, Cynthia Ozick, Robert Kolowitz, Joanna Greenberg, Norma Rosen, Chaim Potok, E.L. Doctorow, Hebert Gold, Lois Gould, Sandra Hochman, Leo Litwak, Gerald Jay Goldberg, Mark Mirsky, Daniel Stern, Irwin Blauvelt, Arthur Cohen, Michael Elman, Irvin Faust, Israel Jacobs, Wallace Markfield, Stanley Elkin, Anne Roiphe, Dorothy Tibshinowitz and the Bruce Jay Friedman of "Stern."

In a list prepared at the request of the Jerusalem Municipal Library, the undersigned (I teach American Jewish fiction at the American College in Jerusalem) compiled no fewer than 90 American-Jewish names, including, of course, the above-mentioned, but not including Jacqueline Susann, Irving Wallace, Irving Shulman, Harold Robbins, Erich Segal, Roma Jaffe and Ira Levin. PAUL GOULD, Jerusalem.

## Bob Dylan

Joan Hooper

I WAS NEVER a Bob Dylan connoisseur, but like many of my generation, I quite like him, his singing, his words. Most of all the words. Ever since Dylan surfaced to Greenwich Village in 1960 he used his words, creating his own tales, about himself, about his life and about life in general, and screaming his talking blues. He became an unwilling prophet for folk purists and later on for a whole decade of protest.

IN DYLAN: AN INTIMATE BIOGRAPHY (N.Y., New American Library — Signet, 351 pp. \$1.60), Anthony Scudato follows Dylan's every move from Hibbing, Minnesota and his Jewish, middle-class parents (who do exist and from whom he never did run away, as was once claimed) through his idolization of Woody Guthrie and all of his suffering (mostly self-made) and his stardom. Scudato has woven this necessarily new type of biography from mountains of amazing verbatim recollections of Bob's close friends and enemies and com-

ments of Bob himself. It seems Bob Dylan was actually somewhat of a recluse to many people around him. He was even told that he used people for his own good, dropping them cold to charm the next line. The surprising thing is that they are all extremely loyal and loving still. Scudato's achievement is the skilful connection of the words of others to paint the portrait of a 32-year-old legend.

Dylan's own apocalypse came when he realized how unwilling he was to wear the crown of thorns that a fan wished him to wear. Scudato writes well about the many deaths of Dylan and his rebirth, about his refusal to be a false prophet or to be "interpreted," about his lovers and the famous people around him, his philosophies or rather nonphilosophies. Scudato tells about his marriages, his motorcycle accident, his return to a somewhat mystic Judaism, a fan of mine (not intellectually, but intuitively), his children (five), and his battles to escape canonization and the martyrdom which comes with it.

For Dylan maniacs, of course, this book will be a must. For folk purists who ridicule his growth away from "involvement" to folk rock, it might soften their outlook. And for everyone else who is very divorced from that sort of thing, it isn't a bad book to start a reconciliation. (Dylan celebrated his 30th birthday at the Western Wall, and has since been the subject of a new mythology — about his "return" to Judaism, supporting the Jewish Defence League, enrolling as a student at various Yeshivot.)

"An I walked my road on sunny my song  
Like a sunbaked clown  
In the circus a my own world."  
(written for a Joan Baez album)

Handwritten signature or mark.



# JAMBOREE THEME IS CO-EXISTENCE

Story by Sarah Honig, pictures by Shalom Bar-Tal



"MARIA, MARIA, why can't we stay a little longer? We don't want the Jamboree to end so soon," a number of young Arab girl scouts from Haifa said half-pleadingly to their patrol leader last Tuesday. They were taking part in the week-long Israel Scouts Federation 11th Jamboree held in Ya'ar Haruvit, a hidden, almost unheard-of forest near Kibbutz Kfar Masahem. There scouts from all over Israel, as well as guests from some 20 countries around the globe, pitched their tents and turned the serene forest into a teeming, noisy community of some 15,000 youngsters.

"They love it here," pretty Maria Jubran, the patrol leader, told me with a smile. "Sure, the faucets don't always work and the food could be better, but it's the first taste of freedom for most of my girls and they like the flavour. Most of them have never been away from home on their own before and that's why they are all excited."

The Arab girl scouts were not the only ones to feel that way. I found 11-year-old Rahel and some of her friends chatting loudly and sipping soda pop inside their tent. It was a tiny, khaki-coloured tent which they themselves had made and decorated with posters and slogans which included biblical quotations, the word "love" inscribed in psychedelic colours, pictures of Laurel and Hardy as well as the emblems of all L.D.F. corps.

Such Jamborees are held once in every four years. The theme at this particular one is the 25th anniversary of the State and many scouts have been hard at work putting together impressive and often ingenious projects for the occasion. Thus religious scouts from Tel Aviv have turned their camp into a miniature version of Jerusalem, constructed from wood, bamboo, string, paper, plaster and burlap. Their tents are not the common triangular ones, but rectangular constructions topped by domes made out of white sheets. The tent rows have Jerusalem street names and there is even a replica of the Western Wall, all complete with the moss growing out of the cracks in the stone.

In other camps one can relive the days of the "illegal" immigration in pre-state days. There are rickety, crowded, immigrant boats, maps, blown-up photographs, documents and newspaper clippings. It is all partly a historical museum display and partly a camp-out. There are camps fashioned after the towers and stockade settlements of the 1930s and in others War of Independence scenes have been brought to life.

I asked Maria what many Arab scouts felt about these displays. "Oh, they really like them. They don't look at the national or religious content, they just admire the craftsmanship. There are no politics at this Jamboree. Arab Catholic kids put up a structure which is supposed to represent the State of Israel's Wall. Other Arab kids put up a huge Babel tower where people come to visit and are served coffee. Each has

his own thing and we each admire each other's work."

A pretty Jewish guide, Dorit, told me that the real theme of this Jamboree is co-existence.

"Arab kids visit us and we visit their tents and before you know it, friendships develop."

Maria agrees. "Friendships form in places like this. At a similar meeting recently, I saw how a Jewish girl from Jerusalem and an Arab one from Nazareth became friends. They exchanged addresses and started corresponding. Soon they were visiting each other, and now even the families visit each other. My girls went off for a cook-out with some Jewish girls last night. They were hours late coming back, but we didn't go and fetch them—we knew that contacts were being born."

NOT ALL the Arabic-speaking scouts come from the area that constituted pre-1967 Israel: 40 of them hail from Gaza, 40 from Hebron.

Thirty of the 60 scouts at the Golan Heights Druse village of Buk'ata also made it to Ya'ar Haruvit. Fourteen-year-old Farez al-Kish and a group of his friends, proudly showed me a wooden Magen David they had made for their camp site, and explained that "this is the emblem of Israel. That's why we made it."

Before I even had the chance to ask, Farez told me what he liked best about the Jamboree.

"It's the Jews and the Druse together... Just sitting down and talking. I see kids from different places and even different countries. I want to go to all the Jamborees. Before 1967—in the days of Syria—boys never left the village. No one ever went to places like this. Now we are free."

ONE OF THE chief attractions of the Jamboree is the camp site of the guests from abroad, and especially the tents of the 140 Americans. They tend to be less colourful than the Israeli camps and the tents are all storebought and yet the Israeli scouts keep looking over. Why?

"Oh, there's some very lively trade going on here," 16-year-old Gregg Mekler of Minneapolis explained to me. "We brought a lot of badges and emblems with us and the Israelis have pretty pink, and we trade. We are all getting a good deal."

Gregg said he and his pals were impressed by some of the qualities they found in the Israelis.

"They are very outgoing and everyone is very friendly to us. But what struck us all is that they are so loyal and patriotic. This is not exactly very usual among American kids."

The Americans are also impressed by the sheer size of the Jamboree.

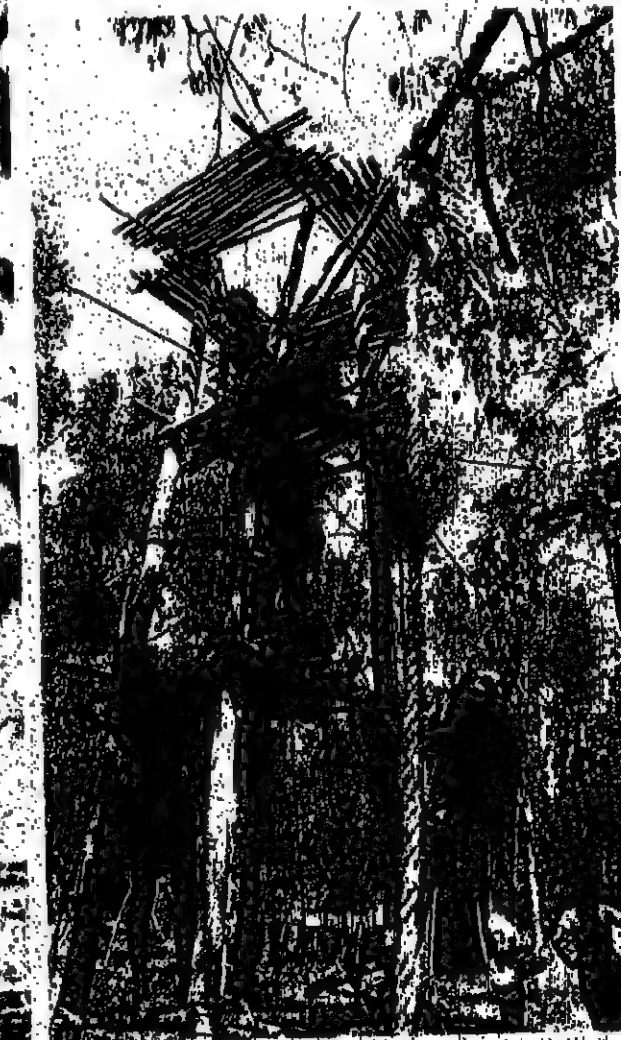
"I have never been to anything so big before," confessed Gregg. "I am also surprised to see that I feel so safe and secure here. There is fighting in the Middle East, but I don't know if the kids at the Jamboree being held at this same time in the United States feel as secure as we do here."



Building without cement or nails. (Below) Religious scouts praying at their model of the Western Wall, part of a miniature Jerusalem.



A song-fest helps the kids to get together. (Left) Even Scout uniforms can't withstand the dictates of fashion. (Below, left) A three-storey watch-tower. (Below, right) Small fry relax with a game of chess and ease their feet.





## Youth Capital

Judy Siegel

IN THIS afternoons, thousands of high-spirited children from East and West Jerusalem flexed their muscles in judo exercises and soccer games, laughed at the antics of magicians and giant puppets, and learned the rules of driving on practice tracks under the watchful gaze of stern policemen. Their mouths stuffed with popcorn, they tried their skill at knocking hats off silent cardboard men with rubber balls. After dark, gathered under garlands of dazzling lights and billowing flags, they sang and danced to the frantic beat of rock music.

They were part of the Municipality's ten-day "Youth Capital" programme held in Sacher Park, at the foot of Knesset Hill, and scheduled to close tomorrow night. This is its second year in the centre of the city; in the four previous years, located at the Youth Recreation Centre in the Jerusalem Forest, it was more difficult to reach and the activities were more limited.

Free to all comers, the "Youth Capital" is sponsored by the Municipality, the Ministry of Education and Culture, the Jerusalem Foundation, and Wize. It is run by a council of youth-club teenagers, some of them living in

East Jerusalem. After careful deliberations, they came up with several special events, such as the distribution of gifts to hospitalized children in both parts of the city, tours for immigrant youth, the presentation of flowers to tourists, and a sports match between the children and graying "city fathers." The highlight for eight of the youngsters — four Arabs and four Jews — was a day of working and broadcasting aboard Able Nathan's Peace Ship.

Besides giving the children a good time, the goal of the "Youth Capital" is to bring Jews and Arabs together in a congenial atmosphere. Mayor Teddy Kollek, opening the programme last week, said that "there is a real desire on both sides to understand the other's unique culture and way of life. I hope this will be made here that will continue throughout the year."

FOR SHALLY LEHMANN and Mahmud Abassi, this year's "Youth Capital" Mayor and Deputy Mayor, working together "feels natural" despite their different backgrounds.

Shally, a 17-year-old Jewish student who will be starting his army service in a few months' time, will take over Teddy Kollek's chair on the third floor of City Hall this morning and will "run the city" for the day.



Shally Lehmann (right) and his deputy, Mahmud Abassi, answer questions.

(Ehaka)

"Every young person who wishes to make a complaint may come to the Municipality today, and I will answer him," promises Shally with the challenge of a campaigning politician. He doesn't think much of politics, though. "It's too dirty; I'm going into business administration," he says. Mahmud, an affable 18-year-old from East Jerusalem, plans to study science at the University of Amman. But he loves Jerusalem smoothest and most enjoyable — and appreciates his increased contact with different types of people, and he intends to return. An enthusiastic soccer player, Mahmud hopes, during his time as Deputy Mayor, to discuss with the City Council the possibility of building a new sports field for Arab youth. The consensus is that this year's "Youth Capital" is the smoothest and most enjoyable — a real children's paradise. There have been no incidents between Arabs and Jews. As one bluish-shirted volunteer said, seated in the park's craggy natural amphitheatre, "It's not Golda and Sadat sitting down to discuss peace, but at least it leads to friendship and better understanding between us."

## PROPHETS OF DOOM

Gahal is always expecting the worst, forecasting catastrophes.

They were never men of action —

But have always been strong on oratory.

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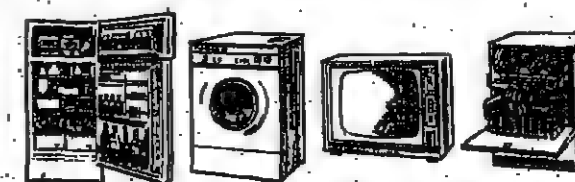
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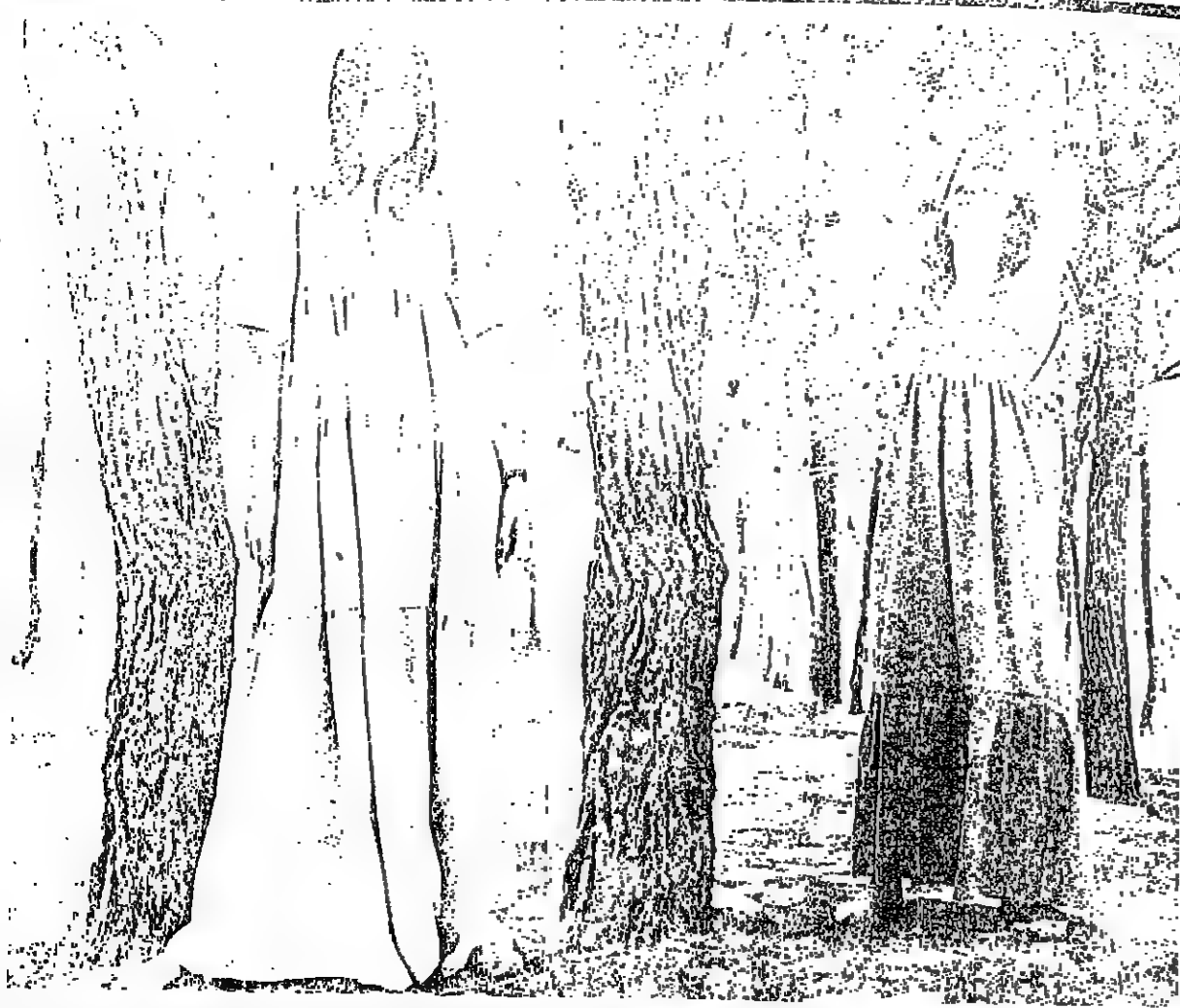
## Something from nothing

Catherine Rosenzweig

HOW TO MAKE something out of nothing... that is what Shenkar College fashion students have been learning in an experimental summer workshop during the past three weeks. When fashion lecturer Vivienne Ellenport first suggested the pilot scheme, her purpose was twofold — to give first year students practical manufacturing experience during their vacation and at the same time, to have a break from a solid year's teaching and a chance to produce some of her own designs.

Basic for her collection was inexpensive Israeli unbleached muslin (known as *bad Aravi*). With the help of a few tips from the College's Textile Technology Department, she dyed lengths of cotton in coffee, cream, olive green, pink and mulberry shades in her own washing machine to give her the basic colour range for her designs. "There were no problems with the machine, actually its drum action served to bring out the texture of the fabric — an added plus.

"I found I could only dye two and a half metres of fabric at a time, otherwise the colour went patchy, so I limited my designs accordingly, limiting each dress to that quantity of muslin." Vivienne's collection was based on variations of three simple, basic patterns. Caftans were created on a



(Left) The caftan influence in dyed calico; the bib in coffee, the rest in creamy beige. Applique's consist of white lace sections. (Right) Empire line dress in olive green dyed calico. The clothes were designed by Vivienne Ellenport.

modular concept — by changing the proportions between bib and skirt, sticking to the same short kimono sleeves, different effects were achieved.

Sticking to her principle of using only inexpensive and locally available raw materials, Vivienne's finishing details were other handpainted panels — achieved

with oil-based felt-tip pens (colours are fast in cold water). Applique's of sections of old lace (found in a Tel Aviv haberdashery) or quilted applique's or

## On air-conditioning

WOULD THE BIBLE have been written if the desert had been air-conditioned? We will never know, so we can all hold our own views.

Some not entirely unrelated questions came up during a recent conversation with two young, forward-looking, and persuasive young men who are both professionally committed to air-conditioning. Dr. Yair Schapiro is an army physician with the rank of captain whose specialty is environmental physiology and who studies the effects of climate at the Heller Institute of the Sheba Hospital (Tel Hashomer). Avigdor Zilberbusch is a refrigeration technician who sells air-conditioning of all types through the firm in which he is a partner, Avikor Ltd.

In the air-conditioned room at the Institute, where we met, I was representing the minority which dislikes air-conditioning — a minority uncounted in any census, but larger than many might suspect. It is, of course, a coalition involving various attitudes: those who like the heat; those who dislike the heat but dislike air-conditioning more; those who most dislike certain kinds of air-conditioning ("I don't mind cool offices, but I get terrible headaches in air-conditioned cars"); those who have eccentric principles, involving such matters as the industrial cost of freezing offices, the tyranny of unthinking button-pushing over individual rights, or the imposed downgrading of the human organism's own physiological adaptation.

Even minority citizens, though, accept certain basics. The "excessive temperature" principle, for instance, in the desert, as both men pointed out, a "Beduin, pre-

Helga Dudman

technology existence" can be maintained without air-conditioning, but not the joys of modern office life. And, as Dr. Schapiro said, "the captives in the hijacked Japanese airliner baking on the Arabian sands would unquestionably have died without the air-conditioning system."

THEN THERE is the problem of "work." Physical labour becomes increasingly difficult as temperatures rise. But this is not always relevant, because those who shout loudest about being "unable to work without air-conditioning" are those who, like me, work sitting down; it is the inner over-heating which makes life so difficult, and that goes on in offices all winter long.

Then, too, those who need air-conditioning most — farmers, building labourers, postmen, and so on — will be among the last to get it — though Mr. Zilberbusch is proud of having recently installed a unit in the combyne used in the fields of Moshav Talmel, and Dr. Schapiro has had years of experience with physical stress in extreme temperatures.

"The workers on the Eilat-Sharm highway couldn't have functioned every 20 minutes or so in an air-conditioned shed."

To my shame, I have no friends who earn their living by physical labour (except housewives and domestic help), and as far as I know the heaviest present concentration of air-conditioning is in Tel Aviv offices, homes, and hotels. In local hotels, by the

way, I have heard this sort of dialogue:

American tourist, following the sun to Israel: "Does it have to be so cold in my room that I need three blankets and a sweater?"

Dusk clerk: "But that is how American tourists like it."

BOTH MR. ZILBERBUSCH and Dr. Schapiro agree that many of our installations are bad, including most window units. They may have maddening side effects, such as noise, or they may be under-powered: "If you have 20 people smoking in a room, it can be impossible. Requirements must be carefully studied and systems thoughtfully planned, which they frequently are not."

To me, what is worst is the human misuse of the delicately calibrated range provided by the manufacturers' engineers: "Hi-Cool... Lo-Cool... I to 7... Exhaust Fan..." and all this is switched on top blast early in the morning in an empty room by some unthinking finger — because it is so easy.

Is there, I asked, a comparably wide range in human tolerance of high temperatures? Some people seem to sweat more than others, and it is said that low blood-pressure goes with a liking for heat — especially in a *sharav*.

"Let's leave the *sharav* out of this," said Dr. Schapiro. "That's very complicated."

The physiological range of tolerance among individuals, he said, is not great. "One person may seem to sweat more than the next, but this is only because the difference which may not be more than 10 per cent of the total — is the amount which does not evaporate under given conditions. If you throw a cup of water on a table, the table will be wet though there's not much water."

As for the blood-pressure theory: "Absolute nonsense."

In that case, I asked, treading

on very subjective ground, why is it that I feel fine when most people are complaining? Why am I so bored by incessant comments about our summer weather? (If it snowed once in July, that would be a permissible topic of conversation.) Why am I entirely satisfied with my internal thermostat, even while walking around Tel Aviv at high noon with a bundle of groceries? Why do I find most air-conditioning dank, fetid, draughty?

"If you're thin," said Dr. Schapiro, "you're better off." (I am by no means thin.) Looking at me with a mixture of pity and impatience, he added, "You're probably at the bottom of the bell curve."

Mr. Zilberbusch: "Israeli women lose their looks much too early. Israeli men are exhausted and have no stamina by the evening." He was not, I take it, making any causal connection but merely pointing to what we have to gain by air-conditioning.

INSTALLING UNITS in private cars is a booming business:

"In 1969 we did about one a week. Today we do about 30. We had driven to the Institute in Mr. Zilberbusch's air-conditioned car, and naturally I was ungracious enough to dislike it: I found it noisy (not that the highway outside is all that serene), clammy, and redolent of old cigarettes."

Curiously, all three of the other air-conditioned drivers we saw on the road were smoking away like mad. At a stop-light, we pulled up alongside one and Mr. Zilberbusch shouted away at the women driver, to get a testimonial for me. She didn't hear a word.

"She's separated from reality," he said. True, I suppose, though whether this is always an admirable condition, I am not at all sure. The unit is powered by the motor, and decreases kilometrage per litre of fuel by about ten per cent — not a

patterned fabric. Final accessories came from a stock of buttons and glass and wooden beads made in the '30s, discovered in a Tel Aviv shop which closed down recently — Vivienne bought up their entire stock!

Although a non-commercial venture, the workshop more than covered all its own costs and the limited number of garments produced during its 3-week duration were snatched up by the customers of a Haifa boutique whose owner is dying to place a repeat order! "The students derived tremendous satisfaction from it — they normally spend a whole term on each finished garment they produce. They also learned how to make quick decisions and how to design within limitations. They were paid at students' union employment rates as they would have been in any summer job."

Other Shenkar College students are spending their summer gaining practical experience in factories both in Israel and abroad as well as trying their hand free-lancing. Ten graduates of the fashion department's second year will be returning in the autumn to complete a third year for a B.A. degree. The Shenkar was recently recognised by the New York Board of Higher Education as an institution authorised to grant a B.A. degree. Paradoxically, the Israeli Board of Advanced Education is still debating the matter but will recognise the New York-approved B.A.

Shenkar Principle Dr. Nathan Brown is delighted at the results of the experimental summer workshop, keen to expand it as an after-hours activity for students throughout the year. Vivienne Ellenport is now thinking in terms of a workshop winter collection "based on a simple woven fabric produced in the school's textile department — what you might call a vertical venture."

very bright trend in terms of either pollution or inflation.

Both men agreed that much in our present way of life is "sheer madness." We touched on building standards, traffic jams, Israeli habits.

"We shouldn't try to bring Europe to this country," said Mr. Zilberbusch. "I think we get up too late and go to bed too late, and it's crazy to eat our heavy meal at noon — and to drive dark-coloured cars. And I'm sorry we stopped wearing shorts." Air-conditioning at the Mann Auditorium he thought "geared to American dress rather than to Israeli dress." (I was there recently and did not suffer as much as previously — perhaps because I was expecting to.)

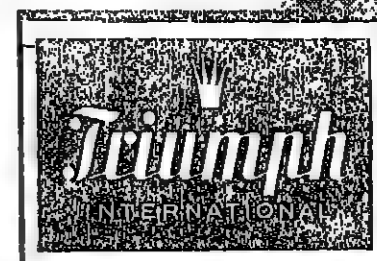
Dr. Schapiro launched into an impassioned discussion of technology, "which has been running wild here these past few years without any rational direction." On the Reading Power station, without which our air-conditioning would be sadly curtailed: "It's madness to heat the sea with millions of calories, instead of using them for needed heating, as has been done in Sweden."

By now my ankles were getting cold. "You might wear stockings," said Dr. Schapiro.

It is not pleasant to live down here at the bottom of the bell curve now that push-button controls have taken over. I will not wear stockings in the summer. I keep warm by quoting Dr. Rene Dubos, who wrote in "Man, Medicine, and Environment": "Man finds it more convenient to air-condition his dwellings than to adapt physiologically to heat or cold."

"He invents learning aids to decrease mental effort; he takes drugs as a substitute for mental discipline in resisting pain and overcoming fatigue... Instead of making the greater effort required to cope with them through his own adaptive physiological resources."

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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1973

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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PAGE TWENTY-FIVE

Handwritten signature or text in a box.



## Boiler on the blink

REGARDING the matter of our bathroom facilities, we have now progressed from the state of having no hot water to having no water at all. Every night, we fill as many vessels as can be conveniently spared and keep them standing around for use when the main source is denied to us — a circumstance which occurs frequently and with out notice. We are lucky in that we have secured the services of a practitioner eminent in his profession who has made a preliminary survey of the situation and is preparing a report on it.

Like a Harley Street consultant called into conference, he surveys the malfunctioning object distantly but with obvious expertise, pointing out its defects to the small but respectful coteries that accompany him. He does not convey his findings to me direct. I am, after all, merely the owner and a layman — but speaks only to the next in line, the contractor, who passes down the orders through the chain of command.

Like his medical counterpart, who does not enquire for instance how a working housewife and mother will be able to take the world cruise and keep her feet up, he does not concern himself with the sordid details. He makes it clear, however, in a way I have observed in other professional men, that the previous conclusions of his distinguished colleagues have been ludicrous beyond belief.

The repair will certainly be both costly and prolonged, as the house seems to have been built around the boiler rather than the other way round. After taking off all the cupboard doors and knocking a large hole in the wall, the technicians decide that though the diagnosis is probably correct, the recommended treatment cannot be implemented without dismantling the entire kitchen. My cooking equipment is already all over the floor, so that getting from the hall to the back door is an obstacle course strewn with saucepans, containers and bowls.

The process of hacking the boiler to pieces to extract it from its hiding place releases the last reserves of rust-coloured water that have been lurking in its lower depths. The lighter pots and pans are set afloat and everyone engaged in the operation, plus visitors, neighbours onlookers, advisers and the dogs, just slosh about in it telling me (all except the dog, who rather likes it) how lucky I am that it isn't winter.

THERE IS NOW a long interval while we wait for the new boiler. This is such a special item that its acquisition is only achieved because the supplier and my contractor were in the army together. It looks just like an ordinary boiler to me — and I have plenty of time to inspect it, as it remains outside until the workmen can be lured back to fix it.

Conversation between me and the contractor becomes somewhat strained. The best thing I can do, he advises, is to go away and stop worrying ("him" is, I think, the unspoken word at the end of this sentence). Haven't I any friends, he asks solicitously, who would put me up for a day or two so.

His concern is touching, though unconvincing; but it fits in so exactly with my own inclinations that I hand over the key and ask if Jerusalem is far enough away. I warn him it will only be for a couple of weeks so he has no time to waste. He looks a bit startled and says, well he hadn't meant to drive me out of town, but now that he considers it, the separation would probably be good for both of us. When I come back everything will be different and we can start a new and better relationship.

As for the time, he laughs hollowly. I must be joking. Why, I could turn around and come right back and everything would be perfect. I have strong reservations about this, but keep them to myself, not wishing to end everything between us.

## CULINARY NOTES/Haim Shapiro

### The tasty tomato

IN NORTHERN Europe and the United States the tomato is a precious commodity and yet, whatever the housewife there says, the tomatoes she buys — except perhaps in the British Isles — never have the succulent rich taste of those we get all summer long, and much of the rest of the year. So important is this fruit (no, it's not a vegetable) in the cuisine of the Mediterranean countries, that it is difficult to believe that it had its origin in Central America and has only been eaten in Europe since the 15th century.

A stuffed tomato can be a beautiful thing and need not have any resemblance to the scoop of tuna salad, on a quartered tomato, sitting on a crisp but tasteless leaf of lettuce, as favoured at U.S. ladies luncheons. While cooked stuffed tomatoes are delicious, even a raw stuffed tomato can be sublime. This particular dish has the advantage of combining the tomato with its most suitable partners — garlic, olive oil and parsley — and being simple and decorative as well.

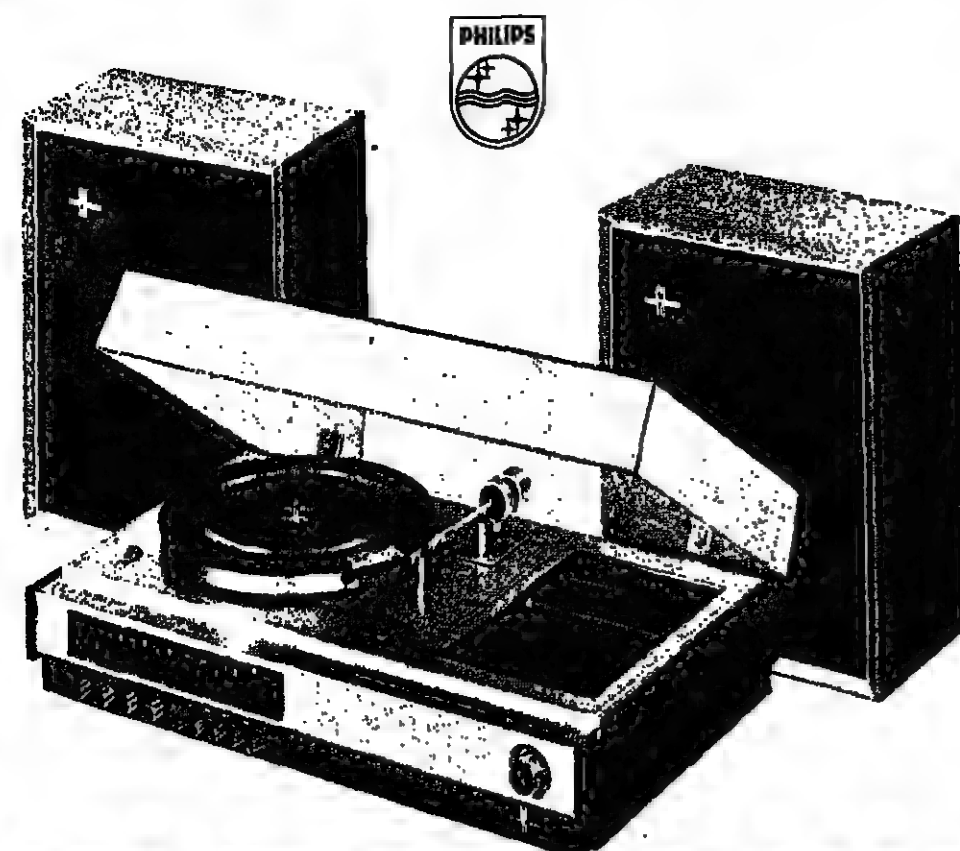
Three or four large cloves of garlic, a handful of chopped parsley, about 200 grams of black

olives (a cup) with the pits removed, and a tin of flat anchovies are mixed together and reduced to a paste. While this is traditionally done with a mortar and pestle, it may be safely carried out with a meat-grinder or even a blender. Enough olive oil is added to make the paste soft.

Cut in half about ten very ripe tomatoes. Squeeze each half in the palm of your hand to force out some of the seeds and wipe them off with the blade of a knife. With a teaspoon, spread some of the paste over each half. Leave them out of the refrigerator for at least two hours. The piquant salty sauce will infuse its flavour into the tomato.

The filling would welcome the addition of a few leaves of fresh basil, unfortunately almost unavailable in this country unless you grow your own. Another recommended addition, but not to everyone's taste, would be five or six capers. A solitary olive stuck in the centre of each tomato provides adequate decoration.

The dish is a native of Tuscany and may be known by its very simple local name, *Pomodori ripieni* ("stuffed tomatoes").



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## Danger of turning mute

A FRIEND VISITING New York has sent me a newspaper cutting, together with a poster announcing the impending opening of the Burstein Theatre, right in the centre of the entertainment district, on West 43rd Street. The theatre's first offering is "Mein Mamma der General." The anonymous Bursteins are, of course, our old friends Lillian (also known by her maiden name Lux) and Pesachke, who have been acting and singing and hoofing and whistling on the stage for more years than the oldest Yiddish theatre fan can remember. Several years ago the Bursteins made a big splash in Israel with their "Mezilah," based on a cycle of poems by the Yiddish poet Itzik Manger, which ran for months and months and was seen by thousands who had never thought they would go to the Yiddish theatre. Then, before leaving for their present sojourn in the U.S., they made another splash, this one confined only to the regular fan with a thousand-groove special called "Dio Rebbitzin fun Bnei Brak."

I shall never forget Lillian Burstein as the widowed Bnei Brak rebbitzin visiting the U.S. to raise funds for a religious orphanage, making an appeal in a Brooklyn synagogue, dressed in a slinky, clinging, sexy dress, history to be listed in all the



Samuel Avital

frugging and belting out a Yiddish-Rumanian song. No wonder her appeal was so successful that she not only raised a large sum for the orphans, but also married the richest man in the congregation played, of course, by her real-life husband.

The Tel Aviv run over, the Bursteins took the "Rebbitzin," Bnei Brak rebbitzin, to New York, where she became something of a freak sensation, reviewed by serious critics, probably the only Yiddish show in history to be listed in all the

barred to civilians, but soon has all the men there, from the commander down, eating blintzes out of her hand. Never one to miss a trick, Lillian Burstein is shown in the poster wearing a uniform, a steel helmet, and a patch over one eye.

Another Israeli working in the United States now visiting Israel is Samuel Avital. A small man, with a mobile face which seems to be all huge, black, curly hair topped by a brown suede cap, wearing a colourfully embroidered vest over a virginal white shirt and cocoa-coloured pants. He stepped out of the elevator and launched into an imitation of a couple of neighbours of mine whom he had seen down in the lobby of the building.

Avital is a practitioner of the art of mime, which has been undergoing a revival in recent years, thanks mainly to the efforts of the great Marcel Marceau and Maximilian Deoroux, both of whom were Avital's teachers. He is now living in Boulder, Colorado, where he has his own school and puts on performances with his students, and gives solo performances and lectures all over America. He is now engaged in forming an international association of mimes that will organize world festivals. The first festival is to take place in the United States in the coming year.

When Avital speaks of his art, you feel you are in the presence of a totally dedicated man. Mime is to him not only an art — it is the one true language, the most effective means whereby people may understand each other, an extension of life itself. His grandfather, who was a student of the Kabbala in Morocco, once told him that when a child is born, he is given a certain number of words to use during his lifetime. He must, therefore, be economical with words, or he will some day find himself mute. There need be no such fear of Avital, who can tell a story and impart its inner meaning without uttering a sound.

Avital teaches his students to discover their own individuality, to be constantly aware of their own feelings and thoughts, and from there to reach out to the feelings and thoughts of others — all of which can be achieved by rigidly disciplining the body. With a gleam in his eye, he says that "the mind must be constantly aware and awake; it is only through exact attention to the complete fulfillment of the action that one attains its true beauty."

On a Saturday afternoon, the people of Boulder can see Avital and his students perform in a park — after parading through the streets to drum up an audience. There is no entrance fee, but if an appreciative spectator offers a donation for the school, it is gratefully accepted. The school has a beautiful name: The Centre of Silence.

A RECENT VISITOR from the other side of the American theatrical curtain was Richard Watts, the "New York Post" critic. In his "Random Notes" column, a copy of which I have just received, he sums up his impressions thus: "People in Israel don't care a great deal for the theatre... there are many earnest players and a number of plays are offered both (in Tel Aviv) and in Jerusalem, but I don't believe there is vast enthusiasm for the drama as an art form." He concludes wistfully: "Perhaps it is one of the similarities with New York."

## Music's missionaries

WHY DO CONCERT artists of the first rank coming here at the height of summer after a long, long season of continuous travel and many exacting performances, for three or four concerts at the Israel Festival — why do they instead of resting and enjoying life, run around like mad, work like mad, think like mad in order to help the country's musical culture? Mad? Slightly, perhaps, but they look to me more like men possessed, missionaries of music-making — and missionaries, indeed, because they want to share their knowledge and love of music with others — the young and the not-so-young people of Israel.

Pablo Casals, at 86, is working with the Festival Youth Orchestra in the mornings together with Alexander Schneider; the Eugene Istomin-Isaac Stern-Leonard Rose Trio, with Schneider, devote nearly every free moment who come to him for advice. It is not that these young people cannot improve their knowledge and performance with local teachers and artists — we have just had some very fine chamber music summer courses at Zikhron Yacov (directed by Rami Shevelov) and at Ein Karem (headed by Professor Boris Schwartz), as well as the International Youth Orchestra of the "Jeunesses Musicales" and the Gaden Orchestra — but is there any end to learning and improving? Is there only one way to play certain pieces of music, a definitive interpretation?

To explain what I mean let me describe one of these afternoon sessions held, since the new Music Centre at the Mishkenot Sha'ananim is not yet ready, either at the Jerusalem Khan or the Jerusalem Theatre, on the stage or in a rehearsal room, whichever is available.

The violinists of the quartet we are watching are Rina and David, both about 23, who came from Russia three-and-a-half years ago; Tel Aviv-born Yuval, already 27 and since last year a member of the IPO, plays the viola; and Dani, not yet 16, a kibbutznik from Givat Brenner, is the cellist. They met a month ago at Rami Shevelov's summer school, decided to play together, and chose their music — a string quartet by Brahms.

Eugene Istomin is in charge of this all-strings session, and his three colleagues start off as listeners. Since the youngsters don't understand English very well, Russian is used as the lingua franca — "Sasha" Schneider speaks a very Russian English anyway, even after more than 30 years in the United States. Isaac Stern's Russian is more halting and American, Leonard Rose uses English exclusively, and somewhat terms are translated into Hebrew.

In close to two hours, one-and-a-half movements of the Brahms quartet are played and re-played, first one and then another of



Isaac Stern teaching a class of new-immigrant young musicians at Jerusalem's Khan.

the three breaking in, sometimes more than one at a time. Fingering, phrasing, accents, signs for entries, expression, timing, vibrato, dynamics, balance, bowing — all these and more are taken up, discussed, criticized, alternatives suggested and demonstrated, until a consensus approves the change.

On the grand piano lies Isaac Stern's precious Guggenheim worth about a quarter of a million dollars. Sasha and Isaac take it up in turns to demonstrate what they mean, Leonard Rose borrowing Dani's cello for this purpose. From time to time, one or other of them shoes a student from his chair and sits in with the remaining three to clear up a point and let them hear what is good and what is not so good. The older musicians have not adopted any preconceived "line" — they argue and discuss with the young ones what is best and why. They refrain scrupulously from voicing any criticism of teachers or their systems — their only object is to get the young players more involved, to loosen them up, to open up their faculties of emotional expression, to clarify things and in general, to make them play more musically.

One could only wish that all those connected with the musical education of these budding talents had been there to watch, to participate in the discussion and in the search for a better way of making music. Although in this short session — there are many others waiting for theirs — only the surface can be scratched, it is undoubtedly a revelation for these youngsters to have their eyes and ears opened in this way, and even one short lesson can point the direction for the future.

In an ideal state of affairs, teachers and graduate students, orchestra musicians and chamber music players could be expected to "avail themselves of such a precious opportunity of coming into contact with a new approach to compare their own way and, maybe, face the possibility of an alternative. The trouble is that many people are afraid that to do so might lower their status as artists and teachers. Others — which is far worse — are so satisfied with themselves that they don't even feel the need to look at anything new.

The argument we often hear against the visitors — "Is it so hard here?" — could be answered, with "No, but why don't we

try for something better?" Despite the liveliness and variety of the Israeli cultural scene, there is surely no harm in admitting that we tend to be quite happy with what we are doing, and there is always a great danger of our becoming provincial. Merely avoiding any confrontation is in itself provincial.

IN THE PAST, quite a number of promising Israeli talents were taken to the United States to further study and never returned here except as visitors. The intention is to reverse this trend and eventually to have students coming here for their studies and musical development. That, however, needs an appropriate attitude on the part of the local people in the profession — active participation in an discussion of all the issues without the fear that this may detract from their professional prestige.

Meanwhile, Isaac Stern, Alexander Schneider, Leonard Rose and Eugene Istomin continue to break their heads over what to do to help musicians realize more of the beauty dormant in music-making. Auditioning, advising, listening, rehearsing makes them forget their regular meal times (we had buns and coffee, and Stern smoked huge cigars continuously). Why? Nobody wants to create another music school; nobody is looking for students, nobody is hoping for (or in need of) personal gain. So why do they do it? Simply mad music missionaries all!

AT THE END of the session, the young string quartet get up from their chairs, a bit exhausted perhaps, but their animated faces expressing more eloquently than words the excitement of their experience. They are sent off with a friendly "Now, practise at home and come back next week." There can be no doubt that they will spend the week trying to apply all they have learned at this session. Music for them will never be the same again. It will be richer, deeper, more exhilarating, more gratifying.

## RADIO FOR MUSIC LOVERS

**TODAY, 6.00:** Bach: Sonata for Violin No. 1, Part I. 6.15: Schubert: Sonata for Piano, Op. 10, No. 3. 6.30: Debussy: "Four in France." 6.45: Puccini: "Tosca." 6.55: Puccini: "Tosca." 7.00: Puccini: "Tosca." 7.10: Puccini: "Tosca." 7.20: Puccini: "Tosca." 7.30: Puccini: "Tosca." 7.40: Puccini: "Tosca." 7.50: Puccini: "Tosca." 8.00: Puccini: "Tosca." 8.10: Puccini: "Tosca." 8.20: Puccini: "Tosca." 8.30: Puccini: "Tosca." 8.40: Puccini: "Tosca." 8.50: Puccini: "Tosca." 9.00: Puccini: "Tosca." 9.10: Puccini: "Tosca." 9.20: Puccini: "Tosca." 9.30: Puccini: "Tosca." 9.40: Puccini: "Tosca." 9.50: Puccini: "Tosca." 10.00: Puccini: "Tosca." 10.10: Puccini: "Tosca." 10.20: Puccini: "Tosca." 10.30: Puccini: "Tosca." 10.40: Puccini: "Tosca." 10.50: Puccini: "Tosca." 11.00: Puccini: "Tosca." 11.10: Puccini: "Tosca." 11.20: Puccini: "Tosca." 11.30: Puccini: "Tosca." 11.40: Puccini: "Tosca." 11.50: Puccini: "Tosca." 12.00: Puccini: "Tosca." 12.10: Puccini: "Tosca." 12.20: Puccini: "Tosca." 12.30: 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## All too predictable TV programming

RETURNING TO my nightly vigil in front of the altar of our day, after playing truant watching and listening to the waves of the ocean and the New Waves of the cinema, I wish I could report how fresh and rare I find Israeli television. Alas! It is not so. The programmes have a grim and ponderous inevitability about them. They are as lacking in surprise as a marriage that has gone sour and stale: one does not need to look at the Guide to know what is coming.

One of the suggestions made by Sir Hugh Greene in his recent report was that Television House should break out of the rigid framework in which it has imprisoned itself, that it should bring in some element of surprise into its programming. Professor Elhu Katz, our first TV Director, working with even more meagre resources than are now available, had the same idea. Perhaps it would make for some sort of interest if programmes went a bit wild, like a runaway tram leaving the tracks, so that we would not know weeks ahead what was planned for every single minute. I know that both television and radio audiences are said to be creatures of habit, determined to see their news or Israeli or Hawaii, or to miss their this or that educational item at a set hour; furthermore, they plan their bridge or rummy dates so as to avoid what is most easily forgone.

All this is very true, and applies to most stations. But we have been told *ad nauseam* that there is so little money available and so many established interests to placate that we cannot expect to get anything more than the barest sketches of real programmes. This being the case, perhaps Professor Katz was right: they should keep the audience on their toes by not letting them know what they are going to get till the last possible moment.

ANOTHER THING that strikes me forcibly is how right I have always been in my complaint about cynicism as to identities. "Time" magazine claims that "names make news"; this principle is treated with haughty contempt on Israel television. Per-

haps because the country is so small and intimate that we are expected to know everybody in it, perhaps because Television House is determined not to build up any Ed Murrows, we are never, never told who is speaking to us. I get a strong feeling of superiority when I am able to tell how immigrants that this is Arye Or-gad or that is Sari Ras, but cannot help wondering why they cling with such determination to self-effacing anonymity. Come on, be sports, tell us who you are when you enter our houses as honoured guests — what is more, write it as well, and leave the name up for those who are late switching on their sets or are slow readers.

This applied very strongly to this week's "Moked", about Jerusalem planning. Shimon Fessler had a whole slew of interesting characters on his panel, but introduced them to us as if he were the host at a British sherry party, advising us incorrectly, "Of course, you know Hap-er-or-er." You are left wondering: Hapwood? Hapburg? Hapowitz? Hapington-Smythe? I was taught at my Upan that the accent in Hebrew falls on the last syllable. This does not apply, apparently, when Shimon or one of his peers is effecting introductions. In such an event, the last syllable is gulped like an olive going the wrong way.

True, names were given on the screen — once in an hour, without titles. Those who were late-comers to the show or inattentive readers could never have discovered who was delivering those interesting views, or why they had been asked to do so. Shimon threw a hint by calling a man "professor error", in which case we treated his opinions with respect. But what when he was called merely "Shimon" or "Moti"? Was he a mere member of the public, to be treated with contempt? Or was he an architect or somebody who might know what he was talking about?

I notice that when Golda Meir, a fairly well-known person in the world, appears on foreign television, every few minutes they write across her, "Mrs. Golda Meir, Prime Minister of Israel," and leave it there for some time.

for all to see. Of course, I'm not suggesting for a moment that we have to do exactly what a bunch of foreigners does, merely because they have been in the business so much longer, but still, we can learn a little from them — without acknowledging it, of course.

The "Moked" programme itself was rather disappointing, despite the sincerity of the participants. For one thing, Teddy Kollek never lost his temper once; on the other hand, he only smiled once. The complaints and criticisms were old and have lost their ability to shock us into renewed fury, apart from the Wolfson Towers and the Plaza Hotel. None of the critics indicated how we could help the settlers and tourists who want to fulfil the Biblical blessing and go up to Jerusalem, without building apartments and hotels to house them. So Teddy and Meron Benvenisti had a comparatively easy passage. I had plenty of better points to make about what's wrong with Jerusalem...

THERE WAS A first class programme, "Court of Enquiry" on Monday night, and I would love to give credit to all concerned for their contributions. David something ran the show very prettily: lawyers Eli Zohar and Yoram Elroy I recognized from previous occasions. This was one of the best efforts in the series. The enquiry was devoted to the question of whether we are bringing up our children to hate the Arabs. It began with some marvellous shots of incredible Israeli children, looking like propaganda photographs for the U.J.A., and many of them talking with a sagacity I wish their elders could equal. Some don't like Arabs because they are different, look strange, talk poor Hebrew, stare at them oddly on the way to school, or have been warned by their parents not to talk to unknown Arabs.

Others, more wisely raised, demanded of the interrogator, "Which Arabs are you talking about? What Arab in particular?" Do you mean all Arabs? A most remarkable blond boy added to these questions the comment, "The Arab is like everybody else — you have to get to know him before you can decide."

We were almost introduced to two remarkable young Arabs, both very good-looking and sensitive — in fact, they would probably be taken for sabras in the street — who described what it feels like to be members of a minority race in the Jewish Homeland. I for once was filled with compassion — I was reminded of somebody in the democratic West explaining what it feels like to be a Jew. They agreed that there is no formal education to hate or despise Arabs, but complained of a lack of understanding and insight.

NUMEROUS FILMS were shown depicting Jews threatening Arabs after terrorist acts, but David rightly pointed out that it was unfair to isolate such acts out of context. The wonder is how well we get on with the Arabs in the light of the situation, which torments both them and us.

The overall impression that emerged for me was that this question of our attitude to the Arabs should be the major philosophical and ethical preoccupation of our era. I don't think so-called "discrimination" against Sephardim or new immigrants or Orthodox or "bastards" is a problem of our all being Jews together, determined to make a success of our first chance in 2,000 years, transcends all these differences. But, whatever the political future of the area, we are going to have to work out a real relationship with the Arabs who share this region with us, or future generations may suffer into all kinds of spiritual quicksands.

## Defensive radio listening hints

OTHER PEOPLE'S radio sets sometimes snap you back to your own. It was not until the first stanzas of the old "International" had come surging through from two balconies facing mine on Saturday morning that I tuned in to "Do-Re-Mi-and-Who-Else?" on the Second Programme. By then there was not much left of this tribute to the late Avraham Shlonsky as translator, but I found even the tail-end fascinating, because there is nothing to beat superb professionalism and Shlonsky's translations achieved just that.

I worried briefly about whether our new immigrants from Russia might have unfortunate reactions on hearing the rolling cadences of "Arise, ye Prisoners of Starvation," in post-Upan Hebrew, though of course that catchy tune has been out in Russia for some time now. The final selections, too, were pure and silver-toned. Old Left — three songs from "The Three-Penny Opera." Shlonsky's translations, I thought, made them sound exactly as though Brecht had written originally in Hebrew, which somebody then translated quite well into German; and that is just about what the commentator later pointed out. It was precisely Shlonsky's inspired poetic licence, he observed, that made his transpositions so powerful. He gave as an example one first line. The German original goes, more or less, "In a time/Already long gone by." Shlonsky's Hebrew is hardly a literal translation, but it turns out to be perfect: "There once were times/And they will not return."

A somewhat minor point for a hot Saturday morning with hot news coming on the hour; but this is the kind of detail which, in its day, made literary Russians here swear that Pushkin's "Yevgeni Onegin" was the equal of "Yevgeni Onegin" by Pushkin. Arik Lavie, by the way, sings Brecht beautifully; so does Yossi Banai. Is this due to Shlonsky, or to some mysterious affinity?

OTHER PEOPLE'S media are not always benevolent. For the times they are not, here is a household hint called "Defensive Radio Listening." Whichever somebody else's radio is on at a maddening blast, tune your set to the same wavelength, but keep it very low. This gives the illusion that it is all coming from your set, and if only you care to, you could turn the thing off and have quiet. Or birdsong.

WITH SOME apprehension I tuned in to "Listen Properly" (Part 1) Programme, Thursday 2100, a repeat of a 1970 programme in which a panel of music experts listened to unidentified selections, and then told us what they heard in their attempt to pin down the composer. I was apprehensive, not because I am "afraid of classical music," which another programme tells us not to be, but because I am incapable of listening properly when critics of any medium start telling me what is Good and what is Bad.

There was no ground for worry, because the experts were not condescending and did not know all the answers. They thought out loud about musical elements ("It must be very modern, because there is no organic connection between the two parts...") This had to do with a work by Charles Ives, which the panel post-dated by an average of 40 years. The

audience (at the Kibbutz Seminar, "Oranin") was giggly and far from browbeaten; and in general the elements of this programme, produced by Gideon Rosengarten, seemed perfectly suited to radio and requiring no additions from another medium. When the subject is purely aural, I for one have no wish to have to look at the panel, crouched over some over-patterned, studio-decor rug. "Too bad we aren't on television," came the voice of the moderator, just as I was feeling satisfied. The point was that the Ives piece involves a visual bit of orchestration: the strings, "representing the superficial tranquillity of those who refuse to ask the eternal question as to the meaning of life" are on one side of the stage. Wind instruments, dissonant and insistently raising this embarrassing question, are on another side. Trumpets (whose role I missed because the doorbell rang) are off somewhere else.

All three compositions heard in this programme were relatively modern, which may help to explain the acceptability of the game; no poor old critic has to get up and tell us why this music is great, and many modern composers are themselves engaging in purely intellectual adventures, which are often the conscientious "breaking of rules."

"I AM QUITE schizophrenic on this whole business of reading poems," said Hanna Marron to Didi Menuasi on the Army Programme's "The Short Friday" (1905). It was a disarmingly dubious and understated puff for the "Blakk Evening" which opened the following day in Jerusalem. Poetry is an intimate medium, and she doubted whether actors should appear on stages to read poems. (Why can't advertisers learn this elementary principle of persuasion?)

She then proceeded to read ("But just for you, Didi!") a little-known and contemporary-sounding poem by Blakk which made Didi Menuasi wonder why that one was never studied at school.

Much of this was, of course, lost on one who never studied any Blakk at school, but the pace and lightness and intelligence of this programme contains such varied fare that there is always something for everybody. Hanna Marron followed Mr. Kati of Zim, and was followed by Edna Lev and an opinion-poll expert, Rafi Gil: one part labour dispute, one part establishment culture, one part pop culture, and one part what-are-we-thinking.

INTERVIEWERS, by the way, seem to be born and not made, and the Army Programme's has discovered that composers and producers (Menuasi and Armon) know how to keep question programmes going better than many who have no other job. Rafi Gil, of the Porl Institute, explained why some political polls turn out to be wrong: because a poll merely "photographs" people's intentions at the instant they are questioned, and people change their minds — they say one thing one week, and then vote another way the next. Funny, I thought this was one thing they never did in this country: change their minds. Except that this year, what one hears — and without scientifically constructed questionnaires — is that all sorts of people have no intention of voting for anybody at all.

## No dice!

Ephraim Kishon

A STORM broke out across the ocean over a movie whose action takes place in this country, all of which was shot in this country, and which most probably will never be shown here. We are referring to "Jesus Christ Superstar," the New Musical Covenant between the Almighty and the Rolling Stones. The success of the movie is a foregone conclusion; it is bound to break all box office records, if for no other reason than the protest voiced by Rabbi Tenenbaum and his colleagues.

The respected rabbi, head of

one of the most important Jewish organizations in the United States, raised his voice in a surprisingly factual and restrained way, against the anti-Semitic flavour of the religious rock opera, which, in his view, fastens collective guilt on the Jews, presents the rabbis of the time as fanatics wearing black kaftans, and once again washes the white hands of the Roman procurator Pontius Pilate.

We are inclined to agree with Rabbi Tenenbaum. However, it is difficult to present a passion play in which the Jews emerge as the likeable, just as it is difficult to shoot the Exodus without upsetting Pharaoh's adherents. Only a great director like Cecil B. de Mille was able to carry off this the Bull accosted us and remarked: "Jesus Christ Superstar," but of this film it may be safely said that we liked the book more. We can assume that in this case, the producers of "Superstar" did not have any special attempt to adhere to the version of the crucifixion portrayed in the original stage musical. Still, we have certain doubts regarding the protest

of the respected rabbi. In our view, the time has now come to stop cooperating with the Gentiles in this field.

WE JEWS have been cooperating with them for 1973 years. In every generation, we submit an order nisi against the ruling Pope and ask him to show cause why he should not stop levelling such accusations against us. We expect the Holy Sec to exonerate us, and we forget that popes as a rule belong to the Catholic creed, and that Catholics are nurtured on anti-Jewish sentiments from the age of two weeks.

Personally we met this problem in the gym hall of our primary school in Budapest, when Gusti the Bull accosted us and remarked: "You killed Jesus." "That's not true," we answered. "So help me, it's not true." I checked on the matter at home. My father categorically denied the accusation and I believed him. I cross-examined daddy, told him wherever he went; if he had been involved in Jesus' (Continued on page 34)



Ted Neeley, who plays Jesus, and Marla McBroom, one of the cast.

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## TV PROGRAMMES

### FRIDAY

1.00 The Partridge Family, 1.25 Ever Shabbat Programme, 2.45 Shabbat Song, 3.15 Weekly Magazine, 3.30 The Julie Andrews Show, 3.50 "Partridge" — continuity drama on the Composer Robert Schwartz, 11.05 News, ARABIC, 11.30 News Headlines, 11.55 Full-length film, 12.05 News, 12.30 Programme review, 12.55 EDUCATIONAL, 1.00 Story, 1.15 A game in words, 4.30 King's Song.

### SATURDAY

1.00 Headlines, 1.30 Mabot, 2.00 Israeli, 2.30 Shabbat Song, 3.00 News, ARABIC, 3.30 News Headlines, 3.55 Messages to relatives and friends, 4.30 Interviews and discussions, 5.15 Drama, 7.15 News.

### SUNDAY

1.30 News Headlines, 2.30 The Brady Bunch, 3.15-3.30 3.30 Today, 3.30 Mabot, 4.00 War and Peace, 4.35 The United Jewish Appeal — documentary, 5.35 News, ARABIC, 5.55 News Headlines, 6.25 The Partridge Family, 7.00 Nature in Asia, 7.30 News and Weekly Magazine.

### MONDAY

1.30 News Headlines, 2.30 Pantomime, 3.15 The Partridge Family, 3.30 News, 4.00 News Headlines, 4.30 Pantomime, 5.15 News, 5.30 News Headlines, 6.00 Pantomime, 6.30 News, 7.00 News Headlines, 7.30 Pantomime, 8.00 News, 8.30 News Headlines, 9.00 Pantomime, 9.30 News, 10.00 News Headlines, 10.30 Pantomime, 11.00 News, 11.30 News Headlines, 12.00 Pantomime, 12.30 News, 1.00 News Headlines, 1.30 Pantomime, 2.00 News, 2.30 News Headlines, 3.00 Pantomime, 3.30 News, 4.00 News Headlines, 4.30 Pantomime, 5.00 News, 5.30 News Headlines, 6.00 Pantomime, 6.30 News, 7.00 News Headlines, 7.30 Pantomime, 8.00 News, 8.30 News Headlines, 9.00 Pantomime, 9.30 News, 10.00 News Headlines, 10.30 Pantomime, 11.00 News, 11.30 News Headlines, 12.00 Pantomime, 12.30 News, 1.00 News Headlines, 1.30 Pantomime, 2.00 News, 2.30 News Headlines, 3.00 Pantomime, 3.30 News, 4.00 News Headlines, 4.30 Pantomime, 5.00 News, 5.30 News Headlines, 6.00 Pantomime, 6.30 News, 7.00 News Headlines, 7.30 Pantomime, 8.00 News, 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## No dice!

(Continued from page 35)

murder, I would certainly have noticed it. Only gradually did it dawn on me that this had nothing to do with logic; quite the contrary, it was something deeply rooted in tradition, and the Catholic Church would never drop the ideological platform that had proved itself so well.

The only way to end the argument with them once and for all, therefore, is to admit unequivocally that we, the Jews, did crucify Jesus.

Let's tell them: "Sorry, we won't play with you any longer. We're tired."

BESIDES, it seems to us that the accusation is not unfounded. We did indeed officially request the mandatory authorities to crucify him. In the eyes of our ancient priests, the fellow was a reformist firebrand, if not a dangerous Communist, and severe disciplinary steps were taken against him.

But all this belongs to history, like, say, the Emperor Titus. The Romans, it will be remembered, succeeded in tearing down our Temple quite a number of times, and massacring us in the bargain; yet we take the family to Italy in August, as if nothing had happened.

True, we have heard that Jesus was the son of God. Maybe so. Though this matter needs further study, because the evidence is at best circumstantial. There are many religions in this world. About a billion Buddhists, for instance, have completely different concepts of the godhead. No convincing proof has yet been produced as to who is right. This writer has an obsessive fear that after his unceremonious death, he will move to the Other World and find that the ancient Egyptians were correct: the gods are those creatures with the animal heads whose profiles they depicted on their walls, and we'll look like a bunch of idiots with our monotheistic religions.

So, for the time being, we want to enjoy the benefit of the doubt. Maybe Jesus is the son; maybe he is only the spirit. Let's leave the matter open.

SOME PEOPLE may object to our talking like this about the God of 600 million believers. They have enormous reverence for Jesus.

If memory serves us, we have already related the story of that pious Hungarian sergeant, who strutted in front of our morning parade in the concentration camp and delivered himself of the following brief statement: "You'll crucify him down to the last man-jack of you, you dirty Jews, because you killed the son of God."

Thereupon a brave lawyer stepped forward and said, "I respectfully inform you, sergeant, that Jesus, too, was a Jew."

"Then," the sergeant replied, "he's a dirty swine, just like the rest of you."

That's to say, the sergeant, as a practicing Catholic, could not forgive even Jesus for belonging to the nation of his murderers. So how could they ever forgive us?

You don't have to forgive us, minister sergeant, we plead guilty. We executed Jesus, we and no one else. And so as to wind up this long investigation, we are happy to announce that the criminals have been identified and apprehended: Jesus was killed by this writer and his uncle Simon (Levi).

Now, at long last, even the other accused are freed on bail.

THERE IS ANOTHER aspect to the story: the director of "Superstar" Norman Jewison, is a true friend of our country. Not in

word but in deed. For decades now, the great Jewish producers have boycotted Israel, denigrating it in the process with great gusto, until this nice Canadian came and brought over, practically by force, two monster productions, thereby breaking the general boycott. Ever since he has been full of praise for us — they say he's fallen a little in love with us. God knows what he sees in us, but it's a fact that he's planning to shoot his next film on General Wingate, here too, provided we let him.

Let's decide once and for all who is our friend; a producer who shoots a movie here and features Black-kaffians rabbis, or a producer who has them wear snow-white kaffians on location in Spain?

On one occasion, when Jewison was being carried away by his enthusiasm, he reminisced about a meeting with our pilot cadets at a base somewhere in the south. Talking to them at dusk, he asked: What do you expect from life? One of them, he said, got up and replied,

"There are three things we don't want, sir: to stand in line, to be picked by you, and to be thrown into the sea. That's all."

Jewison thought he was shooting a movie for the pilot cadets and forgot all about Rabbi Tenenbaum. It was a grievous mistake. Maybe we misled him on that airbase.

THIS STATE was not established by the sweat of our brows in order to wipe anti-Semitism off the face of the earth, but to give it, at long last, legal status.

The most marvelous achievement of the State of Israel is the permission we give the Gentiles to be anti-Semitic. They were solemnly allowed not to love us because — refreshing thought! — we don't care if they don't. We are no longer a bunch of "white niggers," who may not be shown on the screen except in a positive light; we are not the eternal minority begging consideration for its difficult situation. We've got a country of our own, at least as beautiful as theirs, at least as honest as theirs, a country of quite respectable achievements, whose blue passport snugly fits in our pocket and warms it. We no longer depend on their sympathy. Someone in the great big world doesn't love us? That's his problem.

It's all right for them to be anti-Semitic. Even in movies.

Indeed, let it be known to whom it may concern, that it was not Pontius Pilate who executed Jesus of Nazareth; it was we who did it for reasons of our own. We shouted at the top of our lungs: Crucify him. We chased him with tanks and Fouga Magisters, the lot Jesus was a Jew like us, as were all his holy disciples, so this is simply an internal Jewish matter, almost a family affair, and we reject any foreign intervention. Surely, such a small and chosen nation has every reason to be proud for giving mankind Jesus, Marx, Minstrel, Moses and Jesus. And if the last-named is indeed God's son, then the Father, too.

We made this State so that the Jews should stop trembling and imploring, so that they should be able to look unblinkingly into the blue eyes of the Holy Church. Let's watch the nice rock opera from the same viewpoint from which it was shot by our friend, director Norman Jewison. Let's judge whether it is an entertaining musical or not, a good movie or a bad movie. Just like the Italian watch "Sakyocon" the English, "Joan of Arc," and the Americans, "Last Tango." Let's judge without inferiority complexes, like free and equal men standing with both feet on the very ground that stretched under their ancestors' feet many years before the young rabbi became a superstar in the neighborhood of Hollywood.

By arrangement with "Superstar" Norman Jewison, a true friend of our country. Not in

## TWO-IN-ONE CROSSWORD

Use the same diagram for either the Easy or the Cryptic puzzle

### EASY CROSSWORD

1 Across: Down machine (10)

2 Down: Expensive black fur (5)

3 Across: Change (5)

4 Down: Excessively (3)

5 Across: Past into disuse (5)

6 Down: Part of a book (5)

7 Across: Doctrine (5)

8 Down: Deep hole (3)

9 Across: Withdraw (6)

10 Down: Insects (7)

11 Across: Rebuked (4)

12 Down: Lively description (5)

13 Across: Earnestly emotional (7)

14 Down: Storming (5)

15 Across: Policeman (3)

16 Down: Bird (5)

17 Across: Finished (5)

### DOWN

1 Turn machine (10)

2 Expensive black fur (5)

3 Change (5)

4 Excessively (3)

5 Past into disuse (5)

6 Part of a book (5)

7 Doctrine (5)

8 Deep hole (3)

9 Withdraw (6)

10 Insects (7)

11 Rebuked (4)

12 Lively description (5)

13 Earnestly emotional (7)

14 Storming (5)

15 Policeman (3)

16 Bird (5)

17 Finished (5)

### CRYPTIC PUZZLE

1 Across: Chaps helping with the cooking (7)

2 Down: Scanda flowers (5)

3 Across: He goes right ahead (3)

4 Down: He would still be king if you replaced him (5)

5 Across: One playing about on the roof (7)

6 Down: Distribution to school-masters (5)

7 Across: In this book found in imitation (5)

8 Down: Early user of footsack (5)

9 Across: I'm sorry about the trees (7)

10 Down: Cry like a girl, we hear (4)

11 Across: A girl who is considered a nymph (5)

12 Down: When fools get caught in showers (5)

13 Across: They have the power to lighten our darkness (7)

14 Down: A wreath in use (4)

15 Across: A boy who is worn out with walking (5)

16 Down: A girl who is considered a nymph (5)

17 Across: A girl who is considered a nymph (5)

SOLUTIONS TO TODAY'S PUZZLES ON WEDNESDAY

### BRIDGE

By George Levinew

But first a word about the bidding. When 6♣ was doubled Langford was fairly certain that East must have the ♠ A. K. How otherwise could there be a justification for the double? And he also remembered the instructions given to West after the previous deal. So, with a bad board in the offing, South felt that he could hardly make matters worse, and perhaps there might be a miracle, by bidding 6 NT. What was poor West to do? He was weak and obedient. He led a ♠ and the slam was duly made with five ♣ tricks, five ♠ tricks, the ruff of a ♠, and the ♠ A.

Why on why did East, with what seemed to be two sure tricks in spades, avariciously double North-South into finding a potentially safer spot?

### CHESS/Elihu Shahaf

(Axele): 1.Db4. Problem No. 2438 (Greenkin). 1.Db4. Problem No. 2438 (Greenkin). 1.Db4. Problem No. 2438 (Greenkin).

## WHAT'S ON

Plant a Tree in Israel  
Free tours for planters to the Hills of Judea, leaving every Monday and Wednesday from Jerusalem and every Tuesday from Tel Aviv. For details and registration please call Victoria Design (Tel. 244444) in Jerusalem — Rahov King George, corner Rehov Kerem, Ramat Gan, Tel. 244444. In Tel Aviv — 88 Rehov Yehonatan, opp. Dan Hotel, Tel. 244444.

ALL WEEK IN JERUSALEM  
Israel Museum: Sun, Mon., Wed., Thurs., 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Tues. 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Rockefeller Museum: Sun, Mon., Wed., Thurs., 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.-3 p.m.

HADASSAH TOURS  
Morning tour, Hadassah projects in Jerusalem. 9:30 a.m. Tel. 244444. Evening tour, Hadassah projects in Jerusalem. 7:30 p.m. Tel. 244444.

THE ISRAELI CINEMA  
Tel Aviv Yaffo Municipality  
Youth and Culture Dept.

THE ISRAELI ARCHIVES  
Tel Aviv Yaffo Municipality  
Youth and Culture Dept.

THE ISRAELI CINEMA  
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The Cameri Theatre  
Habimah

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### Israel Theatres

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The Cameri Theatre  
Habimah



## SPECIAL RECITAL AT THE EIN HOD AMPHITHEATRE

BRACHA EDEN — ALEXANDER TAMIR, Duo Pianists  
with THE JERUSALEM SOLOISTS —  
Zlana Kaplan, Raya Kodosh, violins  
David Chen, Alma Richter, violas  
Tania Rimnikov, Miron Yampolski, cello

### PROGRAMME:

Brahms — Variations on a theme by Haydn, op. 56  
Sextet No. 2, op. 38  
J.S. Bach — Trio Sonata No. 1 in B-flat  
Concerto in C major for two pianos and strings

AUGUST 17 — EIN HOD AMPHITHEATRE — 9 p.m.

### TICKETS AVAILABLE AT:

Kupat Hafia — Rehov Bravelt  
Union Agency, 118 Rehov Dizengoff, Tel Aviv  
Roman Theatre in Caesarea (0.30-12.30 p.m. & 3.30-6 p.m.)  
Ein Hod Art Gallery  
Ein Hod Amphitheatre before the performance

## THE ISRAEL FESTIVAL 1973

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IN SEPTEMBER  
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## Roof

### MEDITERRANEAN JUDAICA STAMP and COIN AUCTIONS

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Holyland Postal History from the Turkish Period, British Mandate, 1947/48 Interim to Israel and the Dofar Ivri stamps • Jewish National Fund and Keren Tel Hai • Printing errors and varieties • Entires • Labels • Memorial and Shal covers • Military Post 1914-1988 • Judaica: Autographs, Extermination and DP Camp Material • Paper Money • Tokens • Old Jewish Coins • Stamps of the World.  
DATE OF SALE: WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1973  
Price of Illustrated Catalogue IL2.  
Ask for it at our premises, or by mail from: P.O.B. 4117, Tel Aviv.

## THIS WEEK AT THE FESTIVAL August 17 - 23

**BALLET FOLKLORICO DE MEXICO**  
General Director and Choreographer — AMALIA HERNANDEZ  
75 dancers, singers and musicians  
Today, August 17 — Tel Aviv, Mann Auditorium, Matinee 3 p.m.  
August 18 and 19 — Caesarea — National Park, Roman Theatre  
(18th — 9 p.m., 19th — 8.30 p.m.)  
(Tickets for performances at Caesarea all sold)

**EUGENE ISTOMIN, piano**  
ISAAC STERN, violin  
LEONARD ROSE, cello  
with ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER, viola  
Programme: Brahms — Trio in C minor, op. 101  
Beethoven — Trio in E-flat, op. 70, No. 2  
Mozart — Piano Quartet in G minor, K.478  
August 18 — Jerusalem — Binyanei Ha'eoma — 9 p.m.  
August 19 — Tel Aviv — Mann Auditorium — 8.30 p.m.

**SONGS AND LEGENDS OF PROPHET ELIJAH**  
in Hebrew, Yiddish and Ladino  
Stage Director: SEMUEL BUNIM  
Musical Director: SHIMON COHEN  
Texts: DAN ALMAGOR  
with: Misha Asherov, Jacob Barkin, Herahel Bernardi (Arnie), Joseph Bolef, Abraham Mor, Hanit, Rema Samsonov, Lea Shlanger  
The Yemonei Dance Group of LEVY-DEMOL  
The Ensemble Singers, Director — GIL ALDEMA  
Bokhara Orchestra, Director — JOSEPH EIN ISRAEL  
August 21 — Tel Aviv — Mann Auditorium, 8.30 p.m.  
August 22 — Caesarea — National Park, Roman Theatre, 8.30 p.m.

**FESTIVAL YOUTH ORCHESTRA**  
Conductors: PABLO CASALS  
ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER  
Soloists: ISAAC STERN, violin  
Festival Chorus — Conductor: STANLEY SPERBER  
PROGRAMME:  
Casals — Hymn to the United Nations  
Mendelssohn — Symphony No. 10 (one movement for strings only)  
Vivaldi — 4 Concerti  
Mozart — Violin Concerto in A major, K. 219  
Mozart — Symphony in B-flat, K. 319  
August 23 — Jerusalem — Binyanei Ha'eoma — 8.30 p.m.

**BIALIK EVENING**  
Text: JACOB SHABTAI  
Stage Director: GERSHON FLOKIN  
Musical Director: SHIMON COHEN  
Scenery: ARIE NAVON  
Participants: Hanna Marco, Joseph Yadin, Michal Tal, Hanan Yovel, Edna Buchman, Israhel Buchman, Teddy Kling, Doron Salomon  
August 23 — Ein Hashofet — 8.30 p.m.  
August 24 — Nachshon Theatre — Tel Aviv — 8.30 p.m.  
BRACHA EDEN — ALEXANDER TAMIR, Duo Pianists  
with THE JERUSALEM SOLOISTS —  
Zlana Kaplan, Raya Kodosh, violins  
David Chen, Alma Richter, violas  
Tania Rimnikov, Miron Yampolski, cello  
PROGRAMME:  
Brahms — Variations on a theme by Haydn, op. 56  
Brahms — Sextet No. 2, op. 38  
J.S. Bach — Trio Sonata No. 1 in B-flat  
J.S. Bach — Concerto in C major for two pianos and strings  
Tonight August 24 — EIN HOD AMPHITHEATRE — 9 p.m.

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